

I STILL KNOW

screenplay
by
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a sequel to
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER 2

by
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based on the novel
by
lois duncan

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FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE:

EXTREME CLOSE ON a PANE OF GLASS... drops and streams of WATER intermittently washing away TITLES under a TWISTED OPENING CUE.

Then, with the last title, WE SLOWLY PULL AWAY TO REVEAL a SHOWER DOOR - three steamy words written across the inside.

I STILL KNOW.

CRASH!

THE DOOR EXPLODES OUTWARD, its jagged shards no match for the steel-hooked sneer of BENJAMIN WILLIS.

ANGLE ON JULIE

who completely loses her shit, but somehow holds onto her towel as she runs BAREFOOT across a wet, DORMITORY BATHROOM floor covered with BROKEN GLASS. She SLIPS and FALLS, SLICING her palms, but quickly gets back up. Ben LUNGES for her again, slides. OOMPH. He hits the tile behind her, that old, familiar sneer on his face.

AT THE BATHROOM DOOR

Julie frantically FUMBLES with the knob, her bloodied, soapy, hands too slippery to get it open.

JULIE

Unhh... unh...!

ANGLE ON BEN'S HOOK

as he GRIPS its base with his other hand. A tight TWIST, a sickening CLICK, and he YANKS the hook right off at the stump.

SHLEEEK! He SLIDES the hook across the floor - its sharp point TEARING right into the flesh of JULIE'S RIGHT ANKLE.

She SCREAMS - her pain just enough motivation to open the door and hobble out as Ben scrambles to his feet behind her.

INT. TOTAL DARKNESS

The door CLOSES AND LOCKS BEHIND HER - AND SUDDENLY IT'S PITCH BLACK. You couldn't see her in that towel now if you tried. But you sure can hear her TUGGING on those doors.

JULIE

(voice echoing)

No... oh god, no!

And you can hear the sound of her barefeet running across a HARD SURFACE - her fear still bouncing in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (cont'd)
(echoes)
Hello? Hello...?

KA-CHUNK. BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT suddenly blinds her from above. That's a glossy wood floor with bleachers she's bleeding on.

ANGLE ON A SCOREBOARD

hanging high over this basketball court. The score reads:
HOME - 0. VISITOR - 0.

ANGLE ON A PRESSBOX

Ben SNICKERS, his laughter amplified over the P.A. SYSTEM as he glares down at her through the glass. He reaches over, hits a SWITCH marked "SWIM-GYM" and...

BZZZHH... The FLOOR starts to RUMBLE beneath Julie's feet. But before she realizes what's happening - the hardwood SPLITS OPEN into TWO MOVING SECTIONS right beneath her.

Concealed BENEATH THE COURT... A SWIMMING POOL!

Julie loses her balance and SPLASH - falls right into the water. She SCREAMS again, CHOKING and SPUTTERING.

ANGLE ON THE SCOREBOARD

as the numbers change to read: HOME - 0. VISITOR - 1.
And Ben's voice booms across the court.

IN THE WATER

Julie finally loses that towel. But forget about it, okay? She's way too busy KICKING and THRASHING for you to see anything. And to make matters worse - THE FLOOR BEGINS TO CLOSE.

Julie has no choice but to swim like hell toward the far end - where if she can make it, ANOTHER DOOR awaits. Gasping for breath, she digs in, arms slicing the pool like an Olympian.

INT. PRESSBOX

CLOSE ON THE P.A. MICROPHONE as Ben knocks it over with his hook in his haste to exit the room.

INT. GYMNASIUM

FEEDBACK SQUEALS and WHINES off the walls. The gap in the floor narrows as Julie nears the other side. Ten feet to go. She's not gonna make it... she's not gonna make it...

JULIE
Noooooo...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the last second, WE WATCH FROM BEHIND as she sends both arms arc-ing forward in a perfect butterfly - slamming both palms down to the hardwood at her sides and hoisting herself up and out of the water - ALL TASTEFULLY FRAMED, of course. THE FLOOR SLAMS SHUT beneath her, barely missing her toes.

ANGLE ON BEN'S FISHING BOOTS

as they calmly but coldly THUD down the court toward her.

ANGLE ON A FRAMED BASKETBALL JERSEY

behind a thin pane. JULIE'S ELBOW FLIES INTO FRAME, SHATTERING the glass. Her frenzied fingers pull the JERSEY down.

INT. CORRIDOR

Julie bolts out of the gym and into the hallway, running right toward us in the oversized jersey.

JULIE
(completely hysterical)
Helllllllllllp...

She bangs on a multitude of doors, but no one answers. Finally, as she reaches the end of the hall with a DOOR ON HER RIGHT and a DOOR ON HER LEFT - Julie spins around.

Ben isn't there.

Then - WHAM! The DOOR ON HER RIGHT FLIES OPEN and there stands Ben, with a murderous grin. Julie SCREAMS.

BEN
I still know what you did last summer.

He raises his hook, still wet with her blood - and as Julie prepares to die...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (OS)
It's alright, Julie.
(counting down)
Three... two... one...
(CLAPPING her hands)
Awake!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - ONE YEAR LATER

Julie jerks forward, open eyes blinking out the hypnotic fear as the same woman, CAROLE, gently pats her hand.

CAROLE
That's it... you're okay now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sweat on the brow, Julie looks all around from her seat in an office, flanked by half a dozen OTHER STUDENTS in a CAMPUS THERAPY GROUP. Heart racing, she steadies herself.

JULIE

Huh? Yeah. I'm, I'm okay.

She catches eyes with a young man in the chair next to her. His name is WILL BENSON. Good looking, but too 'shy for it to make a whole lot of difference. He smiles, supportively.

CAROLE

Good. Because that's the first time you've been able to make it through the whole dream.

JULIE

(dawning)

It is?

CAROLE

Congratulations.

JULIE

So I'm getting better?

CAROLE

(measuring her words)

Well, you're definitely making progress. But after the kind of trauma you've experienced, it's only normal to have these kinds of nightmares. And they usually arise from some very deep-seeded feelings... like guilt... or fear.

JULIE

Really.

CAROLE

Yes. And I think this kind of hypnosis and the time you're spending with the group are helping you learn an important lesson. In the end, whatever you feel -- you have to face. And once you've done that, I can assure you... you'll be quite well equipped to take care of yourself.

Her words impact Julie. She glances at a clock on her desk.

CAROLE (cont'd)

And personally, I can't think of a better lesson to leave any of you with before the holiday. Face your fears. And where there is darkness... let there be light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carole grins at them, and dismissed, the students begin to exit. Julie heads for the door until Will stops her.

WILL
Julie?

JULIE
(turning)
Hmm?

WILL
I just thought... could I walk you home?
Carole smiles at her from the desk. Julie softens.

JULIE
Sure, Will. Thanks..

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS SIDEWALK - DUSK

Julie makes her way across the urban BOSTON UNIVERSITY campus. Tagging along, Will shyly attempts conversation.

WILL
So you must be jazzed. You're doing
really great.

Julie rolls her eyes.

JULIE
Oh yeah. I'm the picture of mental health.

WILL
(confused)
Am I wrong?

Julie sighs, far less optimistic than a few minutes ago.

JULIE
No. I'm the one who's wrong. I never
should have gone along with this therapy
thing in the first place. It's all just
a touchy-feely bag of bullshit.

ANGLE ON THE TWO OF THEM

FROM A SHORT DISTANCE - THROUGH A GROVE OF PARK TREES.
SOMEONE IS WATCHING THEM. AND AS THEY MOVE... SO DOES THAT
SOMEONE.

WILL
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

Look, I've had these dreams for over a year now - and they're not going away.

WILL

You just have to be patient.

JULIE

What do you think I'm doing? I'm just suffering through all this psychobabble so they'll let me stay here.

An AMBULANCE BLARES past them down a city street. Julie winces, turning to cover her ears.

THE UNSEEN STRANGER FOLLOWING THEM DUCKS SAFELY OUT OF VIEW.

The siren fades - and Julie turns back with a sigh.

JULIE (cont'd)

Although sometimes I wonder what I ever saw in Boston.

WILL

A way out of Southport?

JULIE

(softens)

Right. Now I remember.

She smiles at him. There's chemistry in there somewhere.

JULIE (cont'd)

So... any big plans for the fourth?

WILL

Besides studying for chem finals? Nah. The same fear of flying that put me in therapy - pretty much keeps me from going any place else. How 'bout you?

JULIE

Well, it's either stay here...

WILL

Or go back to Croakerland.

JULIE

Exactly. Not much of a choice.

WILL

Think you can deal with going back there?

JULIE

Sooner or later I guess I'll have to try. They say that Ben... the man... the sicko who killed my friends is dead. So I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE (cont'd)
guess I'm gonna have to learn to accept
that and move on.

Will broaches the next topic delicately.

WILL
I'm sure Ray wants you to come home.

Julie pauses in front of the SECURITY GATE to her BROWNSTONE APARTMENT, clearly tight-lipped on the subject.

JULIE
I'm sure he does.

She fishes a SET OF KEYS from her bag. Dangling from her keychain - a SMALL CAN OF MACE.

JULIE (cont'd)
Anyway, thanks for walking me home, Will.
Happy Independence Day.

Conversation over. He's blown it. Will awkwardly takes his cue to leave.

WILL
(fumbles)
Yeah. Happy Independence Ray - uh, Day.
See you later, Julie.

He waves, walking off, and berating himself as he makes his way back down the sidewalk.

WILL (cont'd)
(sotto)
Idiot, idiot, idiot...

ANGLE ON THE GATE

Julie puts her key in the lock, opening the gate and walking in. But before she can close it behind her - A BOOT STEPS IN.

She gasps, looking up - AND THE CAMERA TILTS UP TO REVEAL - IT'S RAY. But she doesn't look too relieved to see him.

JULIE
God, Ray. You scared me.

RAY
You shouldn't be out after dark.

JULIE
I'm a big girl.

Ray glances back over his shoulder at Will walking off.

RAY
I can see that. Who's he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

Just a friend, Ray. I'm sorry, did you drive all the way up here from Southport just to interrogate me?

RAY

I'm just looking out for you.

JULIE

I can look out for myself.

RAY

You sure?

JULIE

(from Ray's subtext)

Ben is dead, Ray. He's dead and we got away with it scot-free. End of story.

RAY

End of story?

JULIE

You shouldn't have come.

RAY

You wouldn't return my calls.

JULIE

Ray, please...

She tries to close the gate again - but he won't budge, leaning in. They're face to face, close enough to kiss.

RAY

But I love you, Julie.

Julie looks back at him. But it's not going to happen.

JULIE

Then you've got to understand. I just need some space.

She walks away - and all he can do is let her go.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT

Julie unlocks all three deadbolts on her door and slowly pushes the door open to darkness.

Gripping her MACE CAN KEYCHAIN with one hand, she slowly reaches in for the light, reassuring herself with a WHISPER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE
(softly under her breath)
Nothing to fear... nothing to fear...

CLICK! The light goes on, and Julie pushes the door open, looking both ways as she surveys the empty apartment and quickly re-sets all the locks.

JULIE (cont'd)
(whispers)
Nobody's here... nobody's here...

Julie slips out of her shoes, staring down the dark hallway toward her bedroom. She flips on another light and we slowly follow her down the hall.

JULIE (cont'd)
(quietly mumbled)
It's gonna be okay... I'm not afraid...

She reaches the open doorway to her bedroom, groping inside to flip on a final light. Her fingers hit the switch and - POP! The overhead light blows out. Julie flinches, then regathers.

JULIE (cont'd)
(glancing up, disgusted)
Oh, who am I kidding?

She opens a closet door behind her, retrieving a FLASHLIGHT. She flicks it on - nervously shining its beam back and forth across her bedroom as she enters. Typical college bedroom. A desk. A chair. A QUEEN-SIZED BED piled high with PILLOWS.

Looks like the coast is clear.

The beam lands on a FRAMED PICTURE of her old pals HELEN and BARRY. Julie stares at the photo in a moment of reflection.

JULIE (cont'd)
I'm never gonna feel safe again.

She plunks down on the side of her bed. SOMEONE SCREAMS! AND JULIE SPINS, SCREAMING AS WELL - AS HER FLASHLIGHT ILLUMINATES THE TERROR-CONTORTED (but still rather pretty) FACE OF HER BEST FRIEND KARLA WILSON.

With braids flying and her hands in kickbox attack position - Karla shoves the pillows aside and jumps out of bed.

KARLA
Damn! You just scared me to death! Do I need to remind you I'm trained to kill?

JULIE
Karla, why are you in my bed? In my sweatshirt? In my apartment?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Karla unflexes her fit frame. Yes, they're yin and yang - but that's why they like each other. She taps the foot switch on a floor lamp, proudly wearing a B.U. SWEATSHIRT.

KARLA

You gave me the keys, college girl.

JULIE

That was when your place got flooded.

KARLA

I know. But now my heat's out.

JULIE

It's July.

KARLA

Believe me. Unless you live in Roxbury, you don't know how cold the world can be.

(pleading)

Aw, come on, Julie. I'm throwin' myself at the mercy of the court.

JULIE

I'm not a judge. I'm only pre-law.

KARLA

Which means you can still drink on weeknights. So come to the club.

I'm working. In fact, can I borrow those black pants?

She starts thumbing through Julie's closet.

JULIE

I don't feel like going out. I just saw Ray.

KARLA

Really? How was that?

JULIE

I don't know. I don't know anything, anymore. Shoot me.

KARLA

Shots! Good idea!

She hands Julie another outfit, then checks her watch with a trademark mischievous grin.

KARLA (cont'd)

You have fifteen minutes. Get dressed or die.

CUT TO:

INT. COPPERFIELD'S

It's a hopping college joint. Loud music. Heavy crowd.
A DANCE FLOOR and boundless rivers of cheap flowing booze.

With her DRINK TRAY held high, Karla cuts through the crowd like a seasoned professional - finally setting them down on a table in front of SELSO DELGADO, a good-looking Latino. Muscular with a Marine crewcut and camos, Selso is Karla's soldier of fortune. And beside him, looking bored, is Julie.

KARLA

Two tequilas, on the house.

Selso quickly shoots them both.

KARLA (cont'd)

(to Julie)

Don't you just love a man in uniform?

Julie offers him a half-hearted salute and looks out at the mob.

JULIE

I'd love to leave.

Selso rolls his eyes at Karla. Her friend is stomping his buzz.

SELSO

(nodding at the exit)

There's the door.

Karla pokes him.

KARLA

Play nice.

(to Julie)

Why you wanna leave? Isn't that the cute guy from your therapy group over there looking lonely at the bar?

Julie follows her gaze to the bar. There sits Will all alone.

KARLA (cont'd)

Sel, ask Julie to dance.

SELSO

What?

KARLA

Ask her.

He can't say no. Well, he could, but it would blow his chances later.

SELSO

(halfheartedly)

You wanna dance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA
(to Julie)
Say yes.

JULIE
No.

Karla grabs her hand and puts it in Selso's, pushing both of them toward the dance floor.

KARLA
(to Selso)
No means yes. Tonight only. See you two in a minute.

ANGLE ON WILL

who downs his beer and is just about to leave until...

KARLA
Hi. Wanna dance?

Will looks around like she must be talking to someone else.

WILL
Don't you work here?

KARLA
Not right now. I'm on break.
Wanna dance?

WILL
(shrugs)
Um... sure.

ANGLE ON THE DANCEFLOOR

Beats thump. Strobes flash. And Karla leads Will by the hand through a sea of grooving bodies. They arrive at the center, where Julie and Selso are going through the motions.

Will lights up.

WILL
Hey, Julie.

Julie gives Karla a look, then smiles at Will.

JULIE
Hello again, Will.

KARLA
Mind if I cut in?

Karla grabs Selso by the hand, pulling him toward her - and leaving the two of them together. Mission accomplished.

(CONTINUED)

As the music really starts to throb, the four of them dance among the mob -- until Julie looks up and sees SOMETHING ON THE BALCONY which makes the little hairs go up on her neck.

Was that SOMEONE IN A SLICKER? She squints for a better look. But he's gone. Julie stops dancing.

WILL
(yelling over the din)
You okay?

She walks away without another word. Will exchanges a confused look with Karla and Selso - and they follow.

ANGLE ON A STAIRCASE

Julie pauses at the bottom - then catches another quick glimpse of THE SLICKER in the crowd. She pushes her way up the wrong side, pissing people off on her way to the top. Karla calls out from below.

KARLA
Julie...

But Julie reaches the balcony and doesn't look back.

IN THE BALCONY

She looks all around - finally spotting the MAN IN THE SLICKER from behind, making his way to the other side.

He slices through a crowd of students, and Julie keeps following - frightened, but compelled.

And finally, just before Karla, Sel, and Will catch up to her -- Julie traps the STRANGER in a dead end and boldly calls out.

JULIE
Ben...

THE STRANGER TURNS AROUND. And with one look at his tacky vinyl clubbing suit, she immediately wishes he hadn't.

ZACH
No. I'm Zach. But you can call me
whatever you want as long as you call me.

She looks back in embarrassment at her friends and we...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

With morning sun filtering through her blinds, Julie wakes up to the strange sound of THUMPING. She gets out of bed and slowly exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY

The noise gets louder as she heads down the hall.

ANGLE ON A CLOSET

The noise at its loudest - Julie reaches for a doorknob - and yanks open the door.

ANGLE ON A CLOTHES DRYER

Rocking and banging inside the closet. Julie frowns.

KARLA (OS)

Hope you don't mind.

Julie SPINS startled once again by Karla.

KARLA (cont'd)

Sel spilled his drink on my tennis shoes.

JULIE

You're still here?

KARLA

(shrugs)

Somebody had to put your spooky ass to bed.

She crosses to the dryer, flipping open the lid and then jumping back to catch the shoes as they pop out on the fly.

KARLA (cont'd)

(chuckles)

Heh-heh... I love that.

JULIE

You shouldn't put them in there. It'll break the machine.

KARLA

Just a theory, but if you keep making up these bogus rules - you're gonna wind up beating your kids with wire hangers.

JULIE

Thanks. Now, if you're finished doing your laundry, I've gotta pack.

KARLA

Ewww. Don't tell me.

JULIE

Don't even start. I'll take away your key.

KARLA

Okay, but just tell me this. I don't mean to dis Ray, but since things are a little

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA (cont'd)
rocky between you two, and since you'd
rather kiss a croaker than go back home -
why don't you just hang back here and
light Will's firecracker?

JULIE
Karla...

KARLA
Okay, okay.

THE PHONE RINGS. Karla races for it.

KARLA (cont'd)
I'll get it. It's probably Sel.

JULIE
You gave him my number?

KARLA
Of course I did. We've been dating three
months. And besides, this isn't
Southport. He's not gonna stalk your ass.

JULIE
You're pushing it.

KARLA
I know, doesn't it feel good?
(answering the phone)
Hello?

A DEEP MALE VOICE RESPONDS ON THE LINE.

MALE VOICE
HI, WHO'S THIS?

KARLA
Depends on who you are.

MALE VOICE
THIS IS MARK MICHAELS AT POWER 96.

KARLA
Waitamminute. You mean like, the DJ?
At like, the radio station?

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
THE ONE AND ONLY. WHO AM I SPEAKING TO?

KARLA
Uh... my name is Karla Wilson...
(excited WHISPER to Julie)
It's Mark Michaels on Power 96!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
WELL KARLA, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A CHANCE
AT WINNING TODAY'S POWER 96 RRRROCKIN'
POWERPRIZE?

KARLA
Oh my God. Are you serious?

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
THAT'S RIGHT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS...

KARLA
I know, I know, answer a trivia question
and I win!

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT BETTER MYSELF.
HOW 'BOUT IT, KARLA? WANNA GIVE IT A SHOT?

KARLA
Yes!

Julie hits the SPEAKERPHONE BUTTON and Karla hangs it up.
Now Mark's voice echoes through the tiny apartment.

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
ALRIGHT THEN. HOPE YOU REMEMBER YOUR
GEOGRAPHY... 'CAUSE FOR TODAY'S POWER 96
RRRROCKIN' POWERPRIZE, ALL YOU HAVE TO
DO... IS TELL ME THE CAPITOL OF BRAZIL.

Karla's smile abruptly fades.

KARLA
Brazil? Um...

She looks immediately to Julie - whose face is as blank as
hers. Karla quickly hits the MUTE BUTTON on the phone.

KARLA (cont'd)
(to Julie)
You don't know?!

JULIE
I'm studying to be a lawyer, not a
travel agent!

MARK MICHAELS
YOU STILL THERE, KARLA?

Karla UN-MUTES the phone.

KARLA
Still here... thinking...

She hits the MUTE again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KARLA (cont'd)
(to Julie)
Don't you have any encyclopedias?

JULIE
No...

KARLA
Not even an atlas?

JULIE
(flustered)
No...!

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
OKAY KARLA, FIVE SECONDS...
(counting down)
FOUR...

Julie has an idea and scrambles suddenly for the kitchen, pulling a little BAG OF FRESH GROUND COFFEE from the freezer.

MARK MICHAELS (V.O. - cont'd)
THREE... TWO...

Julie tosses the bag across the room and Karla catches it, quickly scanning its label, which reads: RIO BLEND 100% BRAZILIAN COFFEE. She looks at Julie. Julie shrugs. And as the countdown runs out...

MARK MICHAELS (V.O. - cont'd)
ONE...

KARLA
(blurting)
Rio de Janeiro!

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
UH-OH. DID YOU SAY RIO?

KARLA
(wincing)
Yes... I think.

Triumphant music pipes in over the speaker.

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
WELL, WAY TO GO, KARLA - YOU DID IT!!!

Karla and Julie both squeal with delight.

JULIE
Oh my God, you did it!

KARLA
What'd I do? What'd I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
YOU JUST WON TODAY'S RRRROCKIN'
POWERPRIZE - AN ALL EXPENSE PAID,
FABULOUS FOURTH OF JULY TRIP FOR FOUR TO
THE HOTEL VOLTERRA - AN EXCLUSIVE BEACH
RESORT IN THE TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS OFF
THE SUNNY GULF COAST OF FLORIDA!!!

Karla and Julie begin jumping up and down, ecstatic.

KARLA
Waaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

MARK MICHAELS (V.O.)
THANKS FOR PLAYING, WE'LL CALL YOU BACK
WITH ALL THE DETAILS - BUT MEANWHILE,
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE RADIO STATION?

KARLA AND JULIE
(screaming in unison)
Power 96!!!

Julie hangs up and joins Karla dancing on the couch.

KARLA
Thank God I didn't say it was De-caf!

JULIE
I can't believe you won!

KARLA
Well, you better, 'cause I'm not going
alone!

JULIE
You're inviting me?

KARLA
Hell, yes! You helped me win it. And
besides, it's the least I can do for
squatting in your apartment. But let me
warn you... unless you're planning on
sleeping with the Cabana Boy, you better
invite someone to come with you.

JULIE
Who?

They stare at each other for a beat. Then Karla finally
shakes her head.

KARLA
Oh, save the angst. You know who.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHPORT DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

A SMALL MOUND OF RED SNAPPER is DUMPED - wiggling and suffocating its way across the deck of a fishing boat.

WE PULL AWAY TO REVEAL it's RAY who's just done the dumping. One of his co-workers, DAVE, calls out from the dock.

DAVE
Hey Ray... phone!

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

as Ray answers.

RAY
Hello?

WE INTERCUT.

JULIE
Hi.

Ray is clearly happy to hear her voice. But he tries to play it cool.

RAY
Oh. Hey.

Ray's buddy Dave obnoxiously dangles a fish in his face. Maybe it's the PIERCED TONGUE. Maybe it's the skinhead shave. But Dave is pretty much obnoxious in general.

JULIE
Ray, I'm sorry about yesterday. You must've driven all night to get back.

RAY
Yeah, well, I didn't feel too welcome there.

JULIE
I know. Look - I know we have a lot to work out. But we can't do it here. And I can't come back to Southport. So I was thinking maybe if we could just get away together for awhile...

RAY
Are you serious?

JULIE
Karla just won a Fourth of July trip to a private island... and she invited me.

RAY
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave holds the fish like a phone, miming everything Ray says.
Ray waves him off, giving him a death look.

JULIE
So I'm inviting you. Will you go?

Ray simply can't give in that easily.

RAY
I don't know, Jule. I can't really
afford to...

JULIE
It's paid for.
(a beat)
And it's supposed to be really romantic.

Ray hesitates, pulling a SILVER CHAIN up out of his t-shirt.
Dangling on its end - is the old I LOVE YOU AMULET. He flicks
it between his fingers, the sunlight catching it as it SPINS.

RAY
Listen, we just got hit with a really big
run here. Turns out I might have to work
through the holiday anyway.

Dave frowns, pulling away from his "fish phone."

RAY (cont'd)
It's probably better that you sent me back.

JULIE
(sinking)
So you're saying no?

RAY
I'm saying maybe. I'll try to pull it
off. It's just hard to get away when
things are this crazy.

Dave gestures with confusion at the empty docks.

JULIE
(lying)
I understand.

RAY
Who knows, if I can run a double shift I
might still be able to make it up.

JULIE
Will you try?

RAY
I'll try. But if I don't make it, just
go without me, okay?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY (cont'd)
(a beat)
Julie?

Julie sighs, seriously bummed. Karla shakes her head.

JULIE
Okay. I guess.

RAY
Alright. I gotta get back to work.

JULIE
Yeah. Bye.

She hangs up and Karla waves a disapproving finger.

KARLA
Ah-ah.. none of that. You've still got
Cabana Boy.

ON THE DOCKS

Ray hangs up as well.

DAVE
What the hell are you talking about -
"double shift?" I don't see any snapper
stampede. In fact, this is the worst
season we've ever had!

RAY
Don't wet yourself, Dave. I'm gonna
drive back to Boston. I just want to
make her sweat as much as I have.

He fishes a small jewelry box out of his pocket and opens it,
REVEALING - A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

DAVE
You dog.

He grabs Ray by the AMULET - tugging him close.

DAVE (cont'd)
And here I thought you had shitty taste
in jewelry.

Ray pulls the amulet and chain from Dave's grasp.

RAY
(off the amulet)
What, this? Nah, it's just a souvenir I
picked up last summer.
(off the ring)
But this -- well, it'll be around for
many summers to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

(checking his watch)

Not if you don't quit squawkin' and start drivin'. And speakin' of... mind if I bum a ride? The Hornets play the Celtics this weekend. Maybe I can score a ticket.

RAY

Fine. But you gotta share the wheel.

DAVE

(shaking his hand)

Deal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BOSTON - PRE-DAWN

We stare out at a rain-soaked stretch of interstate:

A PICKUP BLARES PAST - cruising along at a pretty good clip with its RADIO loud enough to be heard through the windows.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK

The music's even louder in here. But not loud enough to keep Dave from drooling in his sleep against the passenger side. And unfortunately, not loud enough to keep Ray himself from starting to nod off behind the wheel.

ANGLE ON THE DASH CLOCK

It reads 4:29 am. Suddenly the clock starts to shake and rattle with the rest of the dash.

EXT. HIGHWAY MEDIAN

The truck's rear tires follow the front end off the shoulder and up on to a WIDE GRASSY MEDIAN. On the median's other side, a SEMI-TRAILER approaches from the opposite direction.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK

Ray abruptly snaps awake - just in time to see he's careening across the median toward the oncoming semi.

RAY

Sonofa...

The SEMI'S HORN BLARES - and he yanks the wheel of his own truck back up onto the grass, narrowly missing the big rig as it dopplers past. Ray's truck fishtails to a rough stop on the median - finally rousting Dave awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oblivious, Dave indignantly yawns in another unpleasant display of his PIERCED TONGUE.

DAVE

What up, man? I'm tryin' to sleep.

Wide awake and heart racing, Ray looks back at him, disgusted.

RAY

And for the past three hundred miles,
I've been trying to stay awake! So much
for sharing the wheel.

DAVE

Somebody gets grumpy when he's tired.

RED LIGHTS SUDDENLY FLASH in Ray's rearview mirror. He eyes the sideview, squinting against the high beams. It's a COP CAR, slowly pulling on to the median several yards behind them.

RAY

Shit. It's a cop.
(reaching for his seatbelt)
Put your belt on.

He snaps his own belt and then glances in the mirror again. IN SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE HEADLIGHTS, a COP slowly approaches.

DAVE

Why?

RAY

Just do it! I'm gonna get a big enough
ticket as is!

AT THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

THE COP'S LOWER TORSO COMES INTO VIEW - HIS FACE OUT OF FRAME.

COP

License?

Ray fumbles for his wallet and a good excuse.

RAY

I'm sorry, officer, I must have hit a
slick spot. We came up from North
Carolina 'cause I'm proposing to my
girlfriend and...

The cop abruptly walks away from his window.

DAVE

Asshole.

RAY

Shut up, Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Well, come on. I mean, you give these limpicks a TV series of their own and next thing you know, they all think they're Erik Estrada.

(a beat)

In fact, you know what? I'm gonna get his badge number.

Dave rolls down his window, leaning out.

DAVE (cont'd)

(calling out)

Excuse me, officer...?

RAY

Dave...

Ignoring, Dave looks back toward the cop car. Nobody there.

DAVE

No, really. Where'd he go?

(yelling)

Yo, Ponch...

Dave cranes his neck toward the front of the car, and then looks back again - ONLY TO SEE A STEEL HOOK NOW INCHES AWAY FROM HIS FACE. His mouth begins to widen into a scream and...

THUNK! THE HOOK PIERCES HIS TONGUE ONCE MORE - TEARING right through the bottom of his jaw.

YANK! Dave is suddenly JERKED out the passenger side window, feet flailing behind him. Should've worn that belt afterall.

RAY

Dave!

Ray grabs for his friend. Too late. He reaches for his own belt - but oops, it's JAMMED. He frantically fumbles, finally unlocking it and OPENING THE DOOR TO EXIT UNTIL - WHAM - SOMEONE SHOVES IT CLOSED AGAIN.

The cop reaches in through his window with a SHORT SECTION OF CHAIN - swiftly YANKING it around Ray's throat and PADLOCKING IT TIGHT behind the headrest.

Then, as Ray chokes to breathe, the cop leans in, FLIPS OFF THE HEADLIGHTS, and SHOVES the truck's floor-mounted GEARSHIFT into DRIVE.

The truck LURCHES forward. Ray wildly GRASPS for the stick - but unable to lean forward, it's just out of his reach.

RAY (cont'd)

Unhhhh!!!

EXT. MEDIAN

OVER THE COP'S SHOULDER WE SEE the truck roll back across the median and down to the opposite lanes IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. Then WE HEAR the sound of GASPING... and slowly TILT DOWN to see the hook still held in the cop's hand - with poor Dave dangling from the end of it. A hard TWIST. The CRACK of vertebrae. And Dave dozes off for the last time.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK

Meanwhile, Ray fights to free himself. HEADLIGHTS SUDDENLY RISE OVER THE RIDGE JUST AHEAD. Another FLATBED TRUCK barrels down the hill toward Ray's slowly moving truck. Ray yanks at the chain, but at this angle, escape is impossible.

So he gropes for a SIDE LATCH and RECLINES the seat, giving himself just enough room to reach the gearshift. The truck jerks to a halt in the ONCOMING FLATBED'S PATH.

Ray painfully wriggles against the steel links, finally managing to yank the neckrest up and out of the seat. Using the slack, he tugs the chains over his head and LOOKS UP just as an AIR HORN BLARES and BRAKES SQUEAL. Ray lunges for the door and --

EXT. MEDIAN

BLAM! FROM THE COP'S VANTAGE POINT, WE SEE THE FLATBED PLOW RIGHT INTO RAY'S PICKUP.

The mysterious "cop" raises his BLOODY HOOK into frame and then walks silently satisfied to his car.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

BRAKE LIGHTS. A CAR DOOR OPENS. And Selso gets out of his car to meet the girls at the curb. Another kiss for Karla. A simple nod for Julie.

SELSO

(to Karla)

I got a weekend leave. You all set?

KARLA

We just need to load up these bags.

It's a pretty hefty pile. But Selso sweeps them up in one pass, lugging their luggage to the car.

KARLA

(admiring his ass)

Mmm-mm. The few, the proud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

(unimpressed)

He gave you a lighter for your birthday.

Karla pulls a cool TURBO LIGHTER from her pocket. It's one of those mini-propane types that'll even light underwater. She flips it open, igniting the hot flame.

KARLA

Hey, it works.

JULIE

You don't smoke.

KARLA

No, but if I have to keep putting up with your attitude, I might just start.

JULIE

Shut up, you love me.

Julie looks away, still lingering at the curb, as the cars pass. Karla puts an arm around her.

KARLA

That's right, but for some inexplicable reason, you still love Ray. So let's look at this in strictly legal terms, shall we, counselor? We've waited here for almost an hour, correct?

JULIE

Correct.

KARLA

And you repeatedly attempted to contact the defendant with all the info on exactly when and where we were going?

JULIE

Two pages. Three voicemail.

KARLA

Alright then. Relationship over, court rules in favor of the plaintiff - case dismissed. Now come on, the plane leaves in a forty-five minutes and we've got bags to check.

Sel opens the backseat door - and Karla pushes her toward it.

JULIE

(sighs)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KARLA

And wipe that sorry-ass look off your face. I'm the one who wasted a perfectly good plane ticket, here. I just wish you could think of someone to take his place.

Julie stops - stares at Karla for a second.

JULIE

Wait. You know what? Am I bad?

CUT TO:

EXT. MID-AIR - LATER

A wide body jet SCREAMS through the clouds.

INT. PLANE

BING! AS THE CAPTAIN speaks over the P.A. - WE TRUCK through a crowded coach-class cabin.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Good morning ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking...

WE PASS Selso in an center seat, Karla beside him on the aisle.

CAPTAIN (V.O. - cont'd)

Looks like we've got a storm front ahead and may run into some turbulence... so I've turned on the seat belt sign until we climb above it and make our way down into Naples.

ONE ROW AHEAD OF KARLA AND SELSO - Julie sits on the aisle, a SNOOZING MAN has the middle seat - and WILL RIDES WHITE-KNUCKLED AT THE WINDOW.

JULIE

Just try to take deep breaths, okay?

Will SLAMS the window cover shut, waking the man between them. The man frowns, then dozes off.

WILL

Nobody can breathe at thirty-thousand feet, Julie.

The PLANE STARTS TO BUCK a little. Will grabs the dozing man's arm. He wakes again with a start.

WILL (cont'd)

(to the man)

I'm gonna kill her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man pulls away from his grasp - and Julie gently reaches over, taking Will's hand.

JULIE
Shhh... it's okay.

How do you argue when a pretty girl holds your hand?
Will closes his eyes, trying as hard as he can to calm down.

Behind them, Selso smirks.

SELSO
(a little too loud)
What a wuss.

Will clearly hears him. Karla gently slaps Sel's shoulder.

KARLA
Hush. Some folks just can't fly.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS - EVENING

Establishing. One of those Florida tourism kind of shots.
Blue water. Green islands. Golden sun. Puffy clouds.

INT. FERRY

The water's a bit choppy down here. In fact, Karla's busy
PUKING over the side. Julie shrugs at repulsed PASSERSBY.

JULIE
Some folks just can't sail.

Karla looks up from the railing, Selso holding her hair.

KARLA
My people have always hated boats.

WILL
(to Julie)
C'mon. Maybe there's a better view from
the bow.

Julie nods as a SHIPMATE passes. She stops him.

JULIE (cont'd)
Excuse me? How much further to Volterra
Island?

The shipmate checks his watch and then nods forward.

SHIPMATE
Oh, 'bout thirty seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julie and Will look up to see...

EXT. VOLTERRA ISLAND - SUNSET

Establishing. Tropical. Solitary. In short, paradise.

EXT. RESORT DOCK

The ferry pulls into a canopied dock.

KARLA

Get me off this thing.

A DOCKHAND helps her down onto the gangplank. Selso lugs her bags, and Julie and Will follow close behind.

Still onboard the ferry - the SHIPMATE shakes his head at the DOCKHAND.

SHIPMATE

What's their rush?

DOCKHAND

(shrugs)

You tell me.

The Dockhand posts a SIGN on the dock which reads:
LAST DEPARTING FERRY - LINE FORMS HERE.

EXT. BEACH

The four of them walk along a small beach crowded with YOUNG PEOPLE having fun. A BEACH BAND stirs up some infectious reggae in the sand nearby. It looks like a pretty good time.

But Julie's gaze is fixed on something further up the beach.

JULIE

Whoa...

EXT. HOTEL VOLTERRA

Establishing. Basically, this is one of those amazing turn of the century recreation palaces that was built when the word "resort" meant something more than a plastic Club Med bracelet.

Gothic-Victorian, it's at least three stories high with a TURRETED TOWER rising from one side of its sloped tile roof - and surrounded on all sides by lush island foliage.

KARLA

Check it out.

TWO YOUNG BIKINI CLAD WOMEN SUDDENLY WALK BY WITH THEIR BAGS, catching the eyes of Selso, Will, and every guy on the beach.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Whoa...

SELSO

Check it out.

Julie arches a brow at Will as Karla pushes Sel up a path toward the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL

The path widens. The trees part. And there it is, even nicer up close. But it's just big enough to be - how do I put this - intimidating? Around a hundred rooms, at a glance, with HURRICANE SHUTTERS open at each of its many windows.

KARLA

Not bad for free digs, huh?

JULIE

(smiling at her)

Not bad at all.

IN THE BG - WE SEE THREE YOUNG GUYS carrying their GIRLFRIENDS PIGGYBACK down some STAIRS at the hotel's MAIN ENTRANCE - racing each other toward the departure docks.

But our two arriving couples move on toward the entrance, passing a FENCED TENNIS COURT on the left. And on the RIGHT...

WILL

Hey, look at that...

ANGLE ON A LUSH POOL

Black bottom tile, with a built-in JACUZZI and a small WATERFALL spilling into the shallow end. An outdoor THATCHED ROOF BAR stands nearby - beside it, a small POOL HOUSE.

SELSO

Sweet.

A GUY'S UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICE calls out - startling Julie.

GUY'S VOICE

(mumbled)

Luhnufuhsumbd?

They turn to see a white guy with dreads and a Jamaica shirt pushing a cart full of POOL SUPPLIES. That would make him the POOL GUY, TITUS. His red stoner eyes stare back at Julie.

JULIE

Pardon me?

He looks both ways, a paranoid twitch in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

TITUS
(whispers)
I said, are you lookin' for some bud?

Julie rolls her eyes.

JULIE
No thanks. I've got all the buds I need.
She puts her arms around her friends, herding them off.
Titus watches them go, scratching his ratty locks with a frown.

TITUS
(under his breath)
Narc.

He heads for the pool as Karla pulls Julie in close.

KARLA
Okay, nevermind sleeping with Cabana Boy.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Around TWENTY TO THIRTY GUESTS ARE ON THEIR WAY OUT as Julie and the others walk in. Julie smiles at an old BLACK BELLMAN helping the departing guests with their bags. He doesn't smile back. She looks away, soaking in the ambience, instead.

The hotel is tastefully appointed with a subtle blend of charm and creepiness. AN ORNATE MAIN STAIRCASE is adorned with SIGNS which point UP to the ROOMS - and DOWN toward a RESTAURANT/BAR and FITNESS CENTER.

In one direction, the foyer opens onto a FRENCH-WINDOWED ROUND BALLROOM. In the other, A LIBRARY is visible, where a GIANT GLOBE is being dusted by a uniformed MAID named OLGA.

Julie smiles at the woman on their way through the lobby, but Olga shyly looks away.

Arriving at the FRONT DESK, the four of them find it deserted.

ANGLE ON A DESK BELL

as Karla slaps it with her palm. She hits it again.
Then again. Nobody home.

Julie steps back to consult the maid.

JULIE
Excuse me, is there someone who can...

ANGLE ON THE GLOBE

The big ball is spinning. But Olga is no longer in sight. Julie frowns.

And Selso impatiently heads toward a DOOR beside the counter with a sign which reads: PRIVATE OFFICE.

SELSO

I'll scare somebody up.

He grabs the knob and pulls the door open to...

RROWWR! A PITBULL ON A CHAIN JUMPS UP INTO HIS FACE - its toothy maw snapping shut about a half-inch from his nose.

SELSO (cont'd)

Shit!!!

He jumps back and the door opens, revealing a badly balding man in his mid-forties. His MANAGER'S NAMETAG tells us his name is MR. BROOKS. And let's just say he's tightly wrapped..

BROOKS

This is a private office.

SELSO

(off the growling dog)

Yeah, I can see that.

Brooks pushes the dog back and steps out, shutting the door.

BROOKS

Can I help you.

KARLA

Yes. We're checking in for Holland?

BROOKS

Let me find your reservation.

He scans a sheet as Julie tries to make nice.

JULIE

Sure is a pretty hotel.

BROOKS

(barely acknowledging)

Mmm.

Julie spots a big old leather GUEST BOOK on the counter and opens it, flipping past hundreds of names on aging parchment.

JULIE

Looks like it's been here awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

Mm-hmm.

WILL

(under his breath)
Service with a smile.

Brooks looks up - without a smile.

BROOKS

Sorry. Don't see it.

KARLA

Well... I know we have a reservation.
Maybe it's under Power 96? I won a radio
contest.

BROOKS

Congratulations. Let me look.
(quickly scans the page)
Sorry. Don't see it.

WILL

But we're supposed to stay here for the
weekend.

BROOKS

Well, I don't know who made your
arrangements, but today's the last day of
our season.

SELSO

What?

BROOKS

(smiles)
We're remodeling.

Karla looks awkwardly at her friends.

KARLA

Can I use your phone?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

An old OTIS CAGE ELEVATOR OPENS - and Karla steps out ahead
of the others, disgusted.

WILL

You sure you dialed the right number?

KARLA

Yes, I dialed the right number. And Power
96 will be happy to play my request. But
the business office is closed till Monday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELSO

So what'd you request?
(off her threatening look)
Just askin'.

WILL

Look at the bright side. At least we
still get one night here.

SELSO

And he let us have the honeymoon suites.

KARLA

For one sixty-five a pop!

JULIE

What are credit cards are for?

WILL

Julie's right. Let's just try to make
the best of it. We'll probably have so
much fun, the money won't matter.

SELSO

(growling seductively in
Karla's ear)

Grrrrrrrrr...

She finally breaks into a grin.

KARLA

Okay. You win. Lord knows I didn't.

Julie stops before ROOM NUMBER 337. She grabs Karla's hand.

JULIE

Good. Then let's change and the boys can
meet us downstairs for a drink.

Sel looks at the adjacent ROOM 338. Then he looks at Will.

SELSO

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm not sleeping with
him. I get enough of that in the barracks.

Will looks at Julie. Julie looks at Karla. Karla shrugs.

KARLA

(to Julie)

I did promise him a fun weekend...

JULIE

(expecting support)

Karla?

Will clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

Don't worry, Julie... I'll uh, you know,
I'll sleep on the floor.

KARLA

Good then, we're all settled.

And before Julie can argue...A SQUEAKING NOISE INTERRUPTS.

They all turn to see a BRASS LUGGAGE CART come around the corner with their bags heaped on it. It stops before them - and A HAITIAN MAN slowly steps out from behind it. He's early sixties if he's a day. Crooked back. Yellow eyes. And a voice like coarse grade sandpaper.

ESTES

(a Carribean accent)

Welcome to da Hotel Volterra. Dey call me Estes.

The Haitian looks Karla in the eye. She turns away, uncomfortable. Then he strains to lift one of the bags off the cart.

WILL

Well, here Estes, let me help you with that.

But Estes pulls it away from him, his tone darkly defiant.

ESTES

No, mon. I can take care of myself.

Will lets go of the bag, looking at Julie. And as the old man's words ring familiar for both of them, we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Think Trader Vic's. Bamboo bar, plastic plants, and ASSORTED FISHING GEAR hanging in decorative nets from the ceiling. The joint also has a KARAOKE STAGE in the corner - and most notably, THREE LARGE PORTHOLE WINDOWS ALONG THE FAR WALL which give the room an UNDERWATER VIEW OF THE POOL.

Julie and the others enter. They belly up to the bamboo. A BARTENDER HAS HER BACK TO THEM.

SELSO

(looking around)

Cool bar.

KARLA

No bar is cool once you've worked in one.
Am I right, sister?

Julie high-fives her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BARTENDER TURNS. She's a hard-bodied, mop-head, blonde with a pasty-face, goth tattoos, and a perpetual attitude. Doesn't look like someone called NANCY, but that's her name. And she's really sort of attractive in a bend-you-over-her-knee kinda way.

NANCY
You sling drinks?

KARLA
(shrugs)
Girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.

Nancy nods around the empty bar.

NANCY
Not much to do around here.

JULIE
Where is everybody, anyway? It looked pretty crowded when we first got here.

NANCY
It probably was. Most folks caught the evening ferry out and I got stuck on the skeleton crew. Today was the...

SELSO
(interrupting)
Last day of the season. Yeah, we heard. Got anything to eat around here? I'm starving.

Nancy smacks down a BASKET OF CHIPS. It's clear they don't like each other from the start. Probably 'cause she's the only person in the room who might be able to kick his ass.

SELSO (cont'd)
(chomping into one)
A little stale, but they'll do.
(to Nancy)
How 'bout some dip?

Always accomodating, Nancy reaches down behind the bar without a word and SLAMS down a BOTTLE OF TABASCO.

SELSO (cont'd)
Not exactly what I had in mind.

Karla takes the bottle from him and SPLURTS some of the red sauce onto another chip - stuffing it into his mouth.

KARLA
Oh, hush. A little spice is always nice.

Nancy shares a grin with Karla and Julie. It's a grrl thing.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
First round's on me.
(nodding)
Julie?

JULIE
Screwdriver.

KARLA
Martini.

SELSO
(mouthful of chip)
Scotch and water.

WILL
And I'll take a Rum and Coke.

Nancy looks back at them matter-of-factly.

NANCY
Outta vodka. Outta gin. Outta scotch.
Outta rum.

WILL
How 'bout the Coke?

NANCY
Four seventy-five.

She offers him a cute, but crooked smile. But Karla doesn't notice - her attention diverted by something OUT OF FRAME.

KARLA
Nevermind the drinks, you guys. I see
something a lot more fun.

AT THE STAGE

CLOSE ON a KARAOKE MACHINE. Karla stands beside it, flipping through a THREE-RING BINDER full of songs.

KARLA (cont'd)
You know, we should get one of these back
at Copperfield's.

JULIE
Are you crazy?

KARLA
(shrugs)
Just a theory. But when people get
drunk, they like to sing. When people
sing, it makes them feel good. And when
people feel good, they tip more. Good
thing you didn't go to business school.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA (cont'd)
(flipping a page)
Ahh! Here's a really cheesy one!

SELSO
You're actually gonna do this?

Karla presses a series of buttons on the machine and grabs the wireless microphone.

KARLA
You better hope I'm gonna do this.

A tacky, familiar, SEVENTIES SONG INTRO fills the stage. And then, giving it her all, Karla reads the LYRICS WHICH SCROLL ACROSS A MONITOR and boldly begins to sing.

KARLA (cont'd)
(SINGING)
In a port... in a western town, there she
works, layin' whiskey down... for the
sailors, she wears a frown, while she
dreams of her true love...

Selso and Will chime in from their seats.

WILL AND SELSO
The sailors say "Brandy, you're a fine,
you're a fine girl, such a good wife you
would be, such a fine wife... but my
life, my lover, my lady, is the sea..."

Julie cracks up. Only Karla could make something this bad sound good.

AT THE BAR

Nancy shakes her head.

NANCY
Everyone's a goddamn singer.

She walks away, disappearing through a BACK DOOR.

ON STAGE

Karla finishes the abbreviated song and the crowd goes wild. She bows, curtsseys, blows kisses, the whole nine yards.

Then she passes the mike to Julie.

KARLA
Next victim.

JULIE
Oh no... not me... no way...

But there will be no mercy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA, SELSO, AND WILL
(chanting in unison)
Julie, Julie, Julie...

JULIE
(finally relenting)
Fine. Alright then...

She flips through the song book - then sees something particularly awful.

JULIE (cont'd)
You asked for it.
(to Selso)
Song number thirty-nine.

Selso nods and punches a few buttons. Julie takes the stage as sappy strings begin to swell. She looks at the MONITOR, then melodramatically at the crowd, and begins to sing - no, BELT - Gloria Gaynor's "I WILL SURVIVE."

JULIE (cont'd)
(SINGING)
First I was afraid... I was petrified...
(CONTINUES SINGING UNDER)

Will stands, clapping. Sel pounds his chest. Karla flips up her TURBO LIGHTER, swaying like a hard core fan. And Julie continues, crooning out the chorus as the beat kicks in and the gang begins to dance.

JULIE (cont'd)
(SINGING)
I will survive... I will survive...

ANGLE ON THE KARAOKE MONITOR

The schmaltzy lyrics keep scrolling by - white against black. But then... in the middle of the song... the color changes. RED CAPITAL LETTERS BEGIN TO FILL THE SCREEN.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(SINGING - then trailing off)
And I still know... what you did last...
summer...

Her voice trails. Her smile abruptly fades. And then Julie drops the microphone, trembling. The beat goes on, but everyone stops dancing, confused.

Will can see the fear on her face.

WILL
(to Selso)
Turn it off.

Selso kills the karaoke machine as Will jumps up onstage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL
Julie? What's wrong?

JULIE
(pointing at Selso)
It's him. He did something to the machine!

SELSO
(defensive)
I didn't do anything.

WILL
What do you mean, Julie?

JULIE
The screen... it, it, said...

KARLA
It said what?

Julie feels all eyes upon her.

JULIE
Nothing. I'm sorry...

Stung, she rushes off the stage.

KARLA
Julie...

But it's too late. She's bolted from the bar. Karla starts after, but Will stops her.

WILL
I'll talk to her, okay?

Karla steps aside as Will leaves and Selso makes the international "loony" sign at both temples.

SELSO
Yeah, let the mixed nuts have a moment alone.

Karla shoots him a look and we...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S ROOM

Julie rushes into her room, closing the door behind her. She falls back against it, COVERING HER FACE as she softly bangs her head, trying like hell to calm herself down.

JULIE
You're seeing things... you're seeing things... you're seeing things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gives up a heavy sigh, and drops her hands to look around the cozy room. A bathroom. A closet. A bed. An ENVELOPE.

Her eyes lock on the sight of an ENVELOPE propped against the pillows on her bed. Experience makes the little hairs rise on her neck as she slowly crosses toward it. Reluctant, she reaches down and picks it up. And as her heart begins to pound and the SCORE BEGINS TO INTENSIFY... she finally opens it - pulling out a SINGLE WHITE CARD.

ANGLE ON THE CARD

In bold print it reads: TURN AROUND.

The DOOR CREAKS OPEN BEHIND HER - Julie SPINS with a SCREAM!

AND THERE STANDS WILL, DIRECTLY BEHIND HER - CHAMPAGNE and ROSES IN HAND - until he jumps out of his skin and DROPS THEM BOTH. THE BOTTLE BURSTS INTO PIECES at his feet, splattering him good.

WILL

Aggh!

JULIE

(realizing)

Oh God, I'm sorry...

She grabs a TOWEL off the bathroom door, trying to help him clean up the mess as they awkwardly explain themselves.

WILL

No, no - it's my fault. I shouldn't have... I didn't think...

JULIE

You made an effort and I messed it all up...

WILL

But I scared you -- I crossed the line, I'm stupid.

JULIE

No, I'm stupid. I don't know what's wrong with me. I guess I'm just tired.

WILL

Julie, it's okay, really. I understand. You just get ready for bed and I'll go... take a walk and dry off.

JULIE

You sure?

He picks up the ROSE. It's lost most of its petals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL
Absolutely. And don't worry, I promise
I'll knock next time.

JULIE
(sweetly)
Thanks.

He hands it to her, grabbing his BAG and heading back out the door until...

JULIE (cont'd)
Oh - Will? Wait.

He looks back in.

WILL
Yeah?

JULIE
I'm sorry. I couldn't find my toothbrush
earlier...

WILL
Well, you're in luck. There's a spare
one in my bag. It's all yours.

JULIE
(meaning it)
You're a doll.

He smiles, closing the door behind him.

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Will looks down at his wet pants.

WILL
(sotto)
I'm a dork.

Passing KARLA AND SELSO'S ROOM on his way down the hall, Will spots the DO NOT DISTURB SIGN on their door and hears Karla GIGGLE from inside. He walks on, trying not to mope.

INT. KARLA AND SELSO'S ROOM

Karla bounces playfully on their big bed as Sel crosses toward the windows.

KARLA
Remind me to quit my job, go back to college, and graduate with a finance degree as soon as we get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELSO

Why?

KARLA

'Cause that's the only way I'm ever gonna
be able to afford a big-ass bed like this.

She falls back against the plush comforter, looking up at
herself in a long MIRROR HANGING RIGHT OVER THE BED.

KARLA (cont'd)

You see something out there more
interesting than me?

He eyes the lighted pool below their window.

SELSO

Yeah...

(suggestively)
the Jacuzzi...

She sits up, excited.

KARLA

I'll get my suit.

SELSO

Who needs a suit?

KARLA

I do. I didn't spend a hundred bucks on
a new one for nothing!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL DOCKS

The DOCKHAND from earlier whistles in the darkness as he coils
the bow-rope of a SERVICE BOAT around a cleat on the dock.

Somewhere down the dock - he suddenly hears a big SPLASH.

The dockhand rises, looking out at the water with a sigh.

DOCKHAND

(sotto)

Damn. I shouldha brought my pole.

He slowly paces down the dock past a small handful of other
tied-off staff and service boats, boards creaking underfoot.

AT THE END OF THE DOCK

he kneels down by the edge - watching BUBBLES RISE from the
dark water below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCKHAND

(sotto)

What've we got down there, eh? A little flounder? Some seabass? You're lucky I'm too busy or I'd hook you myself.

WE PUSH IN AS HIS FACE GETS CLOSER TO THE WATER --

AND THEN - RISING SLOWLY FROM THE DARK WATER DIRECTLY BEHIND THE DOCKHAND - A SINISTER SLICKER.

The dockhand hears A SPLASH - and turns just in time for...

SPLAT! THE OLD HOOK IN THE EYE. THE FISHERMAN PULLS THE DOCKHAND DOWN. AND AS BLOOD MIXES WITH BUBBLES...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JACUZZI - NIGHT

Bubbles of a different kind. The JACUZZI sits nestled in dense greenery, flowing through a NARROW CHANNEL into the adjacent SWIMMING POOL.

And enjoying its warmth as a WATERFALL gently cascades down a rock terrace behind them, Karla and Selso are lip-locked in the churning tub. A SLO-JAM PLAYS ON A BOOMBOX BESIDE THEM.

The temperature rises and Sel's hands begin to wander. Still clad in her cute new bikini, Karla pulls away, teasing.

KARLA

You sure you didn't pick up my hair tie?

SELSO

(rubbing his crew cut)

Hello?

KARLA

Okay, I just didn't wanna get my hair wet.

SELSO

My, that would be a tragedy.

She splashes him.

KARLA

Don't you get feisty...

SELSO

I have to. I've only got forty-eight hours to work with...

He slides back in - and goes for a serious kiss. Things start to heat up all over again until she pulls away again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA
(smiles)
You can't rush me, soldier boy.

SELSO
No rush. But you trust me, right?

KARLA
I trust you.

They go to kiss again and...

WHOOSH! TITUS THE POOL BOY'S FACE SUDDENLY SPLASHES TO THE SURFACE RIGHT BESIDE THEM WHERE THE POOL MEETS THE JACUZZI.

Karla SCREAMS. And not just because it was a surprise. Titus looks even uglier when he's wet.

He opens his mouth, spinning a JOINT concealed on the end of his tongue. His voice is appropriately roached.

TITUS
You're not supposed to use the spa after midnight.

Titus eyes Karla in the Jacuzzi until Sel moves protectively in front of her.

SELSO
And you're not supposed to be tokin' either, hash-head.

TITUS
Suit yourself. But you could lose your paddleboat privileges.

Titus blows a cloud of smoke on them both, rolls the joint back into his mouth, and swims off as Will approaches, now in a bathing suit with his bag over his arm.

Selso sighs.

SELSO (cont'd)
Jesus. It's Grand Central Jacuzzi.

WILL
(getting in)
How's the water?

SELSO
Crowded.

KARLA
How's Julie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL
(dejected)
I don't know. I'm striking out.
Got any advice?

SELSO
(annoyed)
Yeah. Go swim with Pool Boy.

Karla shoots Selso a look.

KARLA
(to Will)
You ain't struck out yet, slugger. Just
get back up there and keep swingin'.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S ROOM

The DOOR CREAKS OPEN once again to her room. And from a
STRANGER'S POV - WE SLOWLY CREEP INSIDE.

A CLOUD OF STEAM billows from the open BATHROOM. The SOUND
OF A SHOWER is heard. We MOVE TOWARD IT.

INT. SHOWER

Eyes closed, Julie stands with her face right under the
SHOWERHEAD, trying to relax. Something softly goes THUMP.

Julie opens her eyes, turning off the shower.

JULIE
(calling out)
Will...?

No reply.

AT THE BATHROOM DOORWAY

In a robe with a towel on her head, Julie peeks into her room.
Nobody there. She sighs, and crosses back to the bathroom sink -
HER BACK TURNED.

AT THE SINK

Julie picks up her loaner toothbrush and begins to brush -
looking up to see the BATHROOM MIRROR is ALL FOGGED UP.

She whips the TOWEL off her head and WIPES IT ACROSS THE
MIRROR, MAKING THE BEDROOM BEHIND HER VISIBLE.

Ready to spit, she looks down. AND IN THAT INSTANT - WE SEE
A SHADOWY FIGURE PASS BEHIND HER IN THE BEDROOM. She looks
back up... and HE'S GONE. Julie turns on the water to rinse.

ANGLE ON THE BEDROOM DOOR

as it SLOWLY CREAKS SHUT, the SOUND DROWNED OUT by the SINK.

INT. BATHROOM

Julie turns off the water - and KLUNK-KLUNK - SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR IN HER ROOM.

INT. JULIE'S ROOM

She steps out of the bathroom, crossing toward it.

JULIE

Will?

No answer. She peers through the PEEPHOLE.

JULIE (cont'd)

Is that you?

She unlocks and opens it. Nobody there.

Julie quickly closes the door and re-locks it, her heart rate just beginning to rise again as...

KLUNK-KLUNK. She hears it again. But standing at the door - she knows that's not where it came from. Her eyes immediately go to...

THE CLOSET

KLUNK-KLUNK. Yep. That's where it came from. She slowly pads across the room in her slippers toward the door. Trembling... she reaches for the handle... AND TUGS IT OPEN!

THE DOCKHAND'S DRIPPING DEAD BODY HANGS INSIDE - HIS HAND STILL TWITCHING IN A POSTHUMOUS, DOOR-KNOCKING, SPASM.

Julie SCREAMS to high heaven, THROWS open the door to her room, and BAILS!

CUT TO:

EXT. JACUZZI

Karla and Selso are drying off beside Will as their hysterical friend comes racing across the pool plaza.

JULIE

It's happening again, there's a body,
there's a body...

Will catches her in his arms and she sobs uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL
What are you talking about? Where?

JULIE
In my room! In my roooooom!

BACK TO:

INT. JULIE'S ROOM

MR. BROOKS, the manager, steps into the room first, followed by Selso and Karla. Julie stays outside the doorway - still held tight by Will.

BROOKS
Where exactly?

JULIE
In the closet! Can't you see him?!

BROOKS
Not unless he's wearing terrycloth.

Julie pulls away from Will, and steps in - her eyes widening at the sight of a CLOSET THAT'S COMPLETELY EMPTY, save for a couple of HOTEL ROBES.

She frantically searches their faces, looking for someone to believe her.

JULIE
But he was here! I saw him. I swear it!

WILL
(delicately)
Julie, you said you were tired. Maybe you were dreaming.

JULIE
No, Will.

BROOKS
Well, I sure as hell was. So if you kids are through running around screaming, I'd really like to get back to bed.

Julie moves for the door.

JULIE
I want off this island now.

BROOKS
That's gonna be a problem, miss. The last ferry's already left. And from the weather report I got a couple of hours ago, they won't be running another one in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

What do you mean?

BROOKS

This is storm season, son. That's why we shut the place down. And this year, it looks like we're right on time, 'cause there's a big one coming.

JULIE

Then we'll call the mainland for a charter.

Brooks picks up the phone, dangling it dead in his hands.

BROOKS

Not on these phones, you won't. Lightning already downed the main switcher on Chokoloskee Island. And all our calls are routed through there, so we're basically incommunicado.

KARLA

What about a radio?

BROOKS

Sorry. Emergencies only.

JULIE

What the hell do you call this?

BROOKS

I call this a bunch of spoiled city kids who wouldn't know a hurricane if it blew up their ass. So listen up, people. If it gets as bad as it might - head for the shelter out back. But until then, all I'm gonna say is button your lips and batten down the hatches. We're all about to get dumped on.

Julie looks out the window - where IT'S STARTING TO RAIN.

EXT. HOTEL

And we PULL AWAY from Julie's face through the glass - SLOWLY TILTING ABOVE HER ROOM to another TINY WINDOW in the TURRET TOWER. THERE, A CANDLE BURNS - ILLUMINATING THE HAGGARD FACE OF ESTES, THE BELLMAN. LIGHTNING FLASHES and we...

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER ROOM

It's a claustrophobic little room, really. But Estes likes it that way. The old black man turns away from the window, now shirtless in his uniform pants, his skin aging and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

leathered. He walks across the wood floor on bare feet and reaches for an old purple felt CROWN ROYAL BAG.

Estes opens its yellow strings - but instead of taking a drink, he dumps out A HANDFUL OF ASSORTED VOODOO ICONS.

Nothing fancy. A root. A coin. Some seaglass. A chicken's foot. He carries them back toward the candle, setting them down on some kind of handmade DIVINATION TRAY. A series of VIALS sit on the windowsill. He opens a few, sprinkling powder and assorted liquids into a small wooden bowl

Then he OPENS A DRAWER and takes out a small stack of items. From it, he pulls a TOOTHBRUSH. Estes dips the brush in the bowl - covering its bristles with a sticky dark GOO. And then he holds the brush over the candle's flame. Entranced, the old man intently watches it sizzle and smoke.

And then - THE FLAME FLARES BRIGHT RED. Estes' eyes roll back in his head, and as he falls into a trance, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

OLGA the maid pushes her laundry cart toward the end of a long, dimly lit, hall. There, outside the CLOSED DOOR of a ROOM, sits a crumpled pile of LINENS. She picks them up and stuffs them in her cart, then reaches up to knock on the door...

OLGA
(knocking)
Housekeeping...

...only to notice HER HAND IS NOW COVERED IN BLOOD. Olga looks at the other - IT'S COVERED AS WELL. And as she turns her back on the door to glance down in fear at the soiled linens...

THE ROOM DOOR BEHIND HER FLIES OPEN -- AND SOMEONE IN A SLICKER SINKS A HOOK THROUGH THE APRON OF HER PRETTY PINK UNIFORM, YANKING HER BACK INTO THE ROOM. THE DOOR SLAMS JUST AS QUICKLY - A "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN NOW DANGLING FROM ITS KNOB. And all we hear is the sound of Olga's MUFFLED SCREAMS through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD - PRE-DAWN

Ray awakens with a painful gasp in a HOSPITAL BED - as if he's just survived the worst nightmare of his life. With VARIOUS LINES AND TUBES attached to him, he glances frantically around the empty room. A MEDICINE TRAY sits near his bed, SEVERAL PILL BOTTLES resting on it. A HEART MONITOR BEEPS INTERMITTENTLY ABOVE HIM. He sits up, wincing.

RAY
(sotto - weakly)
Julie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ray turns - HEARING SOMEONE APPROACH OUTSIDE HIS ROOM.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)
Excuse me, Nurse?

ANGLE ON A NURSES STATION

THE NURSE in question looks up at a POLICE DETECTIVE.

THURSTON
(flashing his badge)
Detective Thurston. Can you show me to
Ray Bronson's room please?

Overhearing, A DOCTOR interjects.

DOCTOR
(overhearing)
I doubt if he'll feel like talking much.

THURSTON
No? I heard he did plenty of talking in
the ambulance.
(checking a note pad)
Something about a Ben Willis? Murdering
his girlfriend?

DOCTOR
It was a nasty crash. He could have been
in shock.

THURSTON
Well, here's a shocker for you. Willis
has been dead for over a year. So who
put the hook through his buddy's jaw?

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP... A STATION MONITOR ALARM SUDDENLY GOES
OFF and the NURSE SPRINGS INTO ACTION.

NURSE
(yelling out)
Flatline! Room twelve, code blue!

The doctor and detective rush with her and several other
NURSES toward Ray's room...

DOCTOR
Excuse me, Detective Thurston. I wouldn't
want your suspect to die on us just yet.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

But when they arrive in the doorway, they're too late to save
him. Because he's nowhere to be found.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His WIRES AND TUBES HAVE BEEN HASTILY ABANDONED. His MEDICINE TRAY IS EMPTY. And the WINDOW TO HIS ROOM IS WIDE OPEN to the night. Thurston looks on suspiciously and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION ANNOUNCE BOOTH

A graveyard disc jockey answers his BLINKING PHONE. The guy looks nothing like his robust voice.

DISC JOCKEY
(into phone)
Power 96.

EXT. BOSTON PAYPHONE

Ray huddles in a phone booth OUTSIDE A PAWN SHOP. He's pretty banged up, but the adrenaline and a quick MOUTHFUL OF PILLS are keeping him going.

RAY
(into phone)
Yeah. When's the next PowerPrize?

WE INTERCUT.

DISC JOCKEY
Probably never. They killed that contest last spring. Cost the station too much cash. Sorry. Somethin' you wanna hear?

ANGLE ON THE PAYPHONE

which has just been deserted, the receiver swinging on the end of its cord with Ray no longer in sight.

DISC JOCKEY (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. PAWN SHOP

CLOSE ON AN ENGAGEMENT RING. Ray's engagement ring. The PAWN SHOP OWNER pulls a viewing loop away from his eye.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
(off the ring)
That's a full carat, buddy. You sure she'd want you to trade it for this?

He places a .38 on the counter. Ray nods, picking it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Dead sure.

CUT TO:

INT. KARLA AND SELSO'S ROOM - MORNING

Julie is wide awake in bed. WE PULL AWAY to REVEAL THEY'RE ALL CRAMMED UNDER THE MIRROR TOGETHER. Selso rolls over toward her snoring, and she wearily pushes him away, stirring the others in the process.

Julie gets out of bed and crosses toward the window. It's raining buckets outside. The storm has definitely arrived.

Karla gets up, joining Julie at the window with a yawn.

KARLA

Damn. You sleep at all?

JULIE

No.

KARLA

I'm sorry, Julie.

She stares out the window at the torrential downpour.

SELSO

(rising)

Oh look. Another day in paradise.

Will awakens as well. He watches Julie as she picks up the phone. She listens for a beat - then hangs it up.

WILL

Still dead?

JULIE

Do you see me calling for help?

SELSO

Someone wake up at the bottom of her cycle?

JULIE

Fuck off, Selso.

Karla pulls Julie in, trying to be supportive.

KARLA

Okay, just a theory, but I'm thinking you and I ought to go work out some of this tension in the gym, huh? Maybe we can still salvage some sort of vacation out of this.

She leads Julie off as Sel steps up to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELSO
(to Will)
And you and me are gonna go talk to
Pool Boy. He said something about
paddleboats. He's gotta know another
way off this island.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Will and Sello make their way down the steps outside, Sel
ranting every mud-puddled step of the way.

SELSO (cont'd)
I mean, that guy must be catching a boat
everyday to score his stash.

Sello continues on. But something makes Will stop.
He turns, looking up - and there IN THE WINDOW OF THE
TURRETED TOWER - stands ESTES.

Estes silently stares down at him, a chilling look in his
deep yellow eyes.

SELSO (O.S. - cont'd)
Hey, hurry up, wouldya?

Will looks back at Sello, who's crossing away from the pool
toward the tennis court.

SELSO (cont'd)
He's gotta be around here somewhere.

WILL
Huh? Yeah. I'm coming.

He looks back -- and ESTES IS GONE.

AT THE TENNIS COURT

The court is regulation size, empty, and wet. TWENTY FOOT
MESH-COVERED FENCING rises on all four sides. Sel sees a
second gate at the far end, cracked open.

SELSO
(calling out)
Hey, Ganja-man. I wanna talk to you.

He reaches the sagging net - as the GATE CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

ON THE COURT

Sello looks back, frowns.

SELSO
What the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LOW GROWL is suddenly heard from behind.

Selso turns in time to see the SECOND GATE SHUT - and the PITBULL baring his teeth inside.

ANGLE ON THE SECOND GATE

CLOSE ON another LOCKED LENGTH OF CHAIN.

ON THE COURT

The dog lowers its menacing jaws, ears pinned back. And then... it runs right toward him. Sel spins, rushing back to the first gate. He grabs it - but it won't open.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST GATE

CLOSE ON a PADLOCKED LENGTH OF CHAIN - now locking the latch. Selso shakes the gate from inside. No go.

ON THE COURT

Selso lets go of the gate and turns to see the wide-mouthed dog just a few feet away.

SELSO

Sonofa...

He LUNGES for the fence - the pitbull just catching his pants leg. Sel kicks him away just long enough to get out of range and frantically climb.

The dog relentlessly barks and snaps as Sel moves across the length of fence toward the far gate. A LONG-HANDLED COURT SWEEPER hangs on a rack beneath him. Sel reaches down and grabs it - using it to try and fend off the dog.

The pitbull grabs its heavy wooden handle in his jaws and grinds away as Selso keeps climbing one handed.

ANGLE ON THE SECOND COURT GATE

Selso makes his way toward it, only to realize that it too, has been PADLOCKED. SNAP! The berserk beast actually breaks the wooden handle right off in its powerful jaws.

Sel throws the rest of the broom down at the dog and begins to climb up the entire twenty feet toward the top of the fence.

AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE

Selso looks down to see Will rushing toward the court. He throws a leg over the other side and tries to climb down. Trouble is, THE ENTIRE EXTERIOR OF THE FENCE is covered with that GREEN MESH - so he can't get his fingers around the links. He pants around the knife, digging in as his fingers are forced to carry the bulk of his own weight while he slowly descends.

AT THE BOTTOM

Will looks in at the dog angrily charging the chain-link.
He looks up to see Sel is only about ten feet down.

WILL

Come on - I've got you!

He reaches out to try and catch Selso.

ON THE FENCE

Selso finally loses his grip and FALLS back.

AT THE BOTTOM

Sel lands relatively safely on top of Will. But as the pitbull continues barking and charging inside, Sel begins to do the same on the ground. He rolls over and SWINGS at Will - catching him right in the nose. Will falls back and Selso jumps over him, hands at the guy's throat.

SELSO

Fucking dick, you think that's funny?

Will winces.

WILL

It wasn't me! It wasn't me! I swear it!

Selso can see the painful truth in his eyes. He shoves Will away, adrenaline still surging out his ears.

SELSO

Alright. If it wasn't you, then Pool Boy is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FITNESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a nice little gym, actually. A full set of NAUTILUS MACHINES, a healthy group of TREADMILLS and LIFECYCLES, some FREEWEIGHTS, some SPEEDBAGS, even a ROW OF TANNING BEDS.

Karla KICKBOXES a BAG while Julie RUNS HARD AND FAST on a TREADMILL. Her DIGITAL COUNTER runs out with a BEEP and Julie slows to a stop, removing her WALKMAN HEADPHONES.

Then, impressed, she watches Karla do a full ROUNDHOUSE - spinning and planting her foot dead-center in the bag. THUNK!

JULIE

Nice move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA

I try.

Julie steps off the treadmill, her legs a bit wobbly.

JULIE

Whoa...

KARLA

You okay?

JULIE

Yeah. Just a bit dizzy, I guess.

KARLA

Well, just a theory, but considering you didn't sleep a wink last night, I'd say you could probably use some snooze. Matter of fact, you could kill two birds and put some color on that powder-white butt of yours while you're at it.

Julie follows her friend's gaze to the TANNING BEDS. She sighs.

JULIE

Maybe you're right.

KARLA

(shrugs)

Hey - my tan's better than yours.

Julie smiles wearily and crosses toward one of the BEDS.

ANGLE ON A WALL-TIMER

CLOSE ON Julie's hand as she sets the DIAL to MEDIUM HEAT for THIRTY MINUTES.

She peels off her sweats, opens the TUBE-LINED COVER, and lays down in her underwear - strapping on a small pair of GOGGLES. The HEADPHONES go back on - the TOP COMES DOWN - and Julie closes her eyes, trying to get lost in the MUSIC as the ULTRAVIOLET TUBES begin to GLOW around her.

AT THE BAG

Karla fires a quick series of punches into the canvas - and then finally stops to catch her breath.

KARLA

(sotto)

Whew. I gotta stop eatin' Ding-Dongs.

(a beat)

Tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wiping away her sweat, Karla suddenly hears a THUMPING NOISE from the other room. She frowns, pulling away the towel. She HEARS IT AGAIN.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Karla sticks her head out the door to the gym, listening. At the end of the hall - an OPEN DOOR is visible - a single BARE BULB lighting the room. Curious, she moves toward it.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM DOORWAY

Karla slowly sticks her head around the corner - just as the THUMPING NOISE SOUNDS LOUDLY. She gasps - then smiles.

KARLA
(relieved)
Clean tennis shoes.

REVERSE ANGLE

A ROW OF INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH LAUNDRY MACHINES line a small, concrete-walled laundry room.

AND ONE OF THEM - A DRYER - IS THE SOURCE OF OUR MYSTERY SOUND.

Karla shakes her head, stepping in.

KARLA (cont'd)
So I'm not the only one.
(mocking Julie earlier)
But don't they know it'll break the machine?

KA-THUMP, KA-THUMP, KA-THUMP. She approaches the MACHINE, which is literally rocking with the noise.

KARLA (cont'd)
Damn. How many pairs you got in there?

She leans forward and POPS THE LID - ready to catch one.

BUT SHPLAT! KARLA CATCHES A HOT SPRAY OF BLOOD INSTEAD!

ANGLE ON THE DRYER

OLGA'S DISMEMBERED BODY TUMBLES INSIDE!

Karla DROPS THE HEAD and SCREAMS to wake the dead. THE DOOR suddenly SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HER! She spins - in time to hear it LOCK - and now she's trapped in a bloody basement cell.

She runs freaking across the room, shoving a folding table toward the far side - where a ROW OF BASEMENT WINDOWS run along the TOP OF THE WALL. Climbing on the table, her face

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

and hands still blood-streaked, Karla begins frantically pounding the glass, leaving red handprints as she SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL GYM - CONTINUOUS

Julie's eyes suddenly open through the GOGGLES. She thumbs off the WALKMAN at her side and opens the lid, sitting up.

JULIE

You say something?

Julie looks around, sees Karla isn't there, and sighs. She lies back down and closes the lid again. But just as she shuts her eyes and turns on that WALKMAN - KARLA'S FRANTIC SCREAM RINGS EVEN LOUDER IN HER EARS FROM DOWN THE HALL.

Julie's eyes fly open - and she reaches once more to open the lid. But for some unpleasant reason, the bed won't budge.

ANGLE ON THE TANNING BED

Yep. From the outside, we can see it's just been CHAINED SHUT at the handles.

ANGLE ON THE WALL-TIMER

As a gloved hand flips it to HIGH - spins it to THREE HOURS - and then SMASHES IT WITH A HAMMER!

IN THE TANNING BED

Julie struggles helplessly to get out - but there's not enough room to escape as the lights heat up around her.

JULIE

Karla? Somebody...?

Her eyes go wide - the LIGHTS GO OUT - the DOOR SHUTS and LOCKS - and like never before - Julie SHRIEKS.

EXT. POOL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Getting drenched by rain, Sel angrily makes his way past the outdoor POOL BAR as bloody-nosed Will reluctantly follows. Selso pauses by the bar, spotting a tray of EMPTY BOTTLES - then picks two of them up and SMASH! - breaks each in half. He hands one of the jagged impromptu weapons to Will.

SELSO

Here. Take this.

WILL

And do what with it?

Selso raises his bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELSO
Follow my lead.

WILL
Why don't you just take it easy, man?

SELSO
Look, I'm real sorry about your nose, but
none of us can take it easy until
somebody kicks this guy's ass.

He moves on toward the nearby POOL HOUSE. WE HEAR THE SOUND
OF REGGAE MUSIC pounding inside.

SELSO (cont'd)
(calling out)
Okay Hookah-man. Time to join Bob Marley.

EXT. POOL HOUSE

Selso reaches for the small cabana door - and YANKS IT OPEN.
A CLOUD OF NOXIOUS GAS pours out - and the two of them begin
to immediately cough and choke.

INSIDE - WE SEE TITUS HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS ON A SECTION OF
POOL HOSE. His face is blue. His eyes, bulged. And all over
the floor beneath him lie empty one gallon PLASTIC BOTTLES.

ANGLE ON THE BOTTLES

They're all labeled: CHLORINE or MURIATIC ACID.

Sel starts in - but Will frowns, pulling him back into the
bushes where the two of them collapse, COUGHING.

SELSO
(coughing)
What the fuck?

Will splashes a puddle of rainwater on his face.

WILL
That's chlorine and muriatic acid. Put
the two together and you get cyanide gas.

Selso rolls over on his back next to Will, practically
coughing up a lung.

SELSO
Shit. Good thing we brought a chem major
along.

Suddenly, they both HEAR THE SOUND OF KARLA SCREAMING.
They exchange a glance - and then scramble to their feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW

Sel and Will follow Karla's urgent cries to a short narrow basement WINDOW which runs along the side of the hotel. As her bloodied palms frantically slap the glass, Selso yells.

SELSO
Karla - get back!

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Trembling, Karla ducks down on the table just as - CRASH! - Sel's boot comes through the glass. He kicks in the pane frames and leans down, looking in.

SELSO (cont'd)
Give me your hand!

She reaches for him, nearly hysterical as he pulls her up and out through the window.

EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW

Karla tumbles to the ground with only one thing to say.

KARLA
(SCREAMS)
Julie!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FITNESS ROOM

BAM! BAM! Something hard hits the locked door from outside. WHAM! Selso and Will suddenly BURST through the door.

ANGLE ON THE TANNING BED

Where Julie is just visible, her fingers madly groping for a way out.

JULIE
Oh God, get me out of here..!

Will struggles to open the bed - but the chain holds strong.

KARLA
Unplug it!

ANGLE ON THE WALL

No plug. Just a wire into the wall.

WILL
I can't. It's a direct line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Selso steps away from the smashed timer in question. He looks around - sees a hand-sized BARBELL nearby. He grabs it.

SELSO

Hang on, Julie...

ANGLE ON THE CHAIN

as SMASH! - Selso SLAMS the the barbell down on the chain. It doesn't break - but the FIBERGLAS HANDLES around it do.

A few of the ultraviolet tubes POP inside as well as Will YANKS up the cover.

She cries out in pain as they help her up - her eyes wincing while they try to readjust. Karla covers her with a towel as Selso and Will share the same realization at once.

SELSO AND WILL

(nodding in unison)

Brooks.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKS' OFFICE

The door kicks open to this room as well. The four of them stand in the doorway - but this time no one rushes in.

Julie's blistered lips begin to quiver over what she sees.

REVERSE ANGLE

Oops. Guess it wasn't Brooks.

The former manager is DOA at his desk - his THROAT SLIT and the COUNTER BELL stuffed inside his mouth. Beside him, a SHORTWAVE RADIO sits SMASHED and SMOKING - while above him, THREE WORDS ARE SCRAWLED IN BLOOD across the length of a mounted MARLIN:

I STILL KNOW.

Karla, Will, and Selso stare silently upon the morbid scene.

WILL

He killed everybody and then killed himself.

SELSO

And then what? Decided to fingerprint, afterward? I don't think so.

ZZZZZT... SUDDENLY THE POWER DIES OUT - AND THE WHOLE HOTEL IS PLUNGED INTO SHADOWS. A DOOR SLAMS SOMEWHERE - and Karla looks around, for the first time noticing that Julie is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA

Julie?

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE

Julie bounds down the steps into a driving RAIN. With terror in her eyes, she runs away from the hotel as fast as she can - while her friends rush to the open front door behind her.

KARLA

Julie, wait!

EXT. HOTEL DOCK

Julie runs out to the end of the dock, the SURF RAGING AROUND HER. She sees the CUT ROPES which used to hold service boats. And then Julie YELLS defiantly against the wind and spray.

JULIE

Go ahead! Cut the ropes! Kill the power! But you can't kill me! You hear?! I won't let you do this to me again!

She falls to her knees on the wet dock and Will rushes to her side. He gently lifts her up - and she falls into her arms, the tears running down her cracked, peeling face.

WILL

It's okay...

JULIE

I knew this wouldn't go away. Ray and I lied to the authorities last year. We said we didn't know what happened. But he knew. And now he's back to finish the job.

WILL

Who?

JULIE

Ben. Ben Willis.

Will kisses her forehead as Karla steps into frame.

KARLA

The guy is dead, Julie.

JULIE

No. They never found his body.

That cold fact sinks into their minds for the first time.

KARLA

(chilled)

Holy shit. Then it could be him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Selso pulls her close, his jaw hard.

SELSO
Not on my watch.

Will shakes his head.

WILL
No. We're forgetting someone.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER ROOM

The door to Estes' room slowly CREAKS open. It's dark inside.

SELSO
(to Karla)
Lemme see your lighter.

Karla fishes it out of her pocket, handing it to him. He FLICKS it open, its HOT FLAME illuminating most of the tiny room.

An empty cot. Assorted trash. But no sign of the old man.

JULIE
Is he in there?

Will crosses slowly into the room - looking left and right.

WILL
I don't think so.

KARLA
Then why don't we just forget about the bellman from Bellevue and swim to the closest island?

WILL
If the storm didn't drown you, hypothermia would.

Julie moves past Will toward the window. She opens the closed curtain - shedding some LIGHTNING on his windowsill SHRINE.

JULIE
(recognizing)
Hey. That's my toothbrush.

KARLA
And my hair tie.

She picks up a smoke-stained DOGTAG, waving it at Selso.

KARLA (cont'd)
This look familiar, soldier?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Selso slaps at his chest. No tags. He grabs it from her. Then she picks up a half-burned package of CONDOMS and arches a brow at Will.

KARLA (cont'd)
How 'bout this?

Karla looks at Julie as Will snatches them from her hand, sternly frowning through a blush.

WILL
They're old. They were in my bag, okay?

Selso picks up the CHICKEN FOOT - turns it in his fingers.

SELSO
What the hell is all this?

CLOSE ON Julie, who answers the question.

JULIE
Voodoo.

WHABOOM! EAR-SPLITTING THUNDER shakes the shingles over their heads. The girls SCREAM. Hell, the guys do, too.

WILL
(recovering)
Look, I don't care what it is - I just want to catch the guy responsible before he catches us.

KARLA
You know, come to think of it, that bellman's like three hundred years old. Surely it couldn't be him.

JULIE
(certain)
It's not.

SELSO
Oh, who cares who it is? We'll just nab the fucker.

JULIE
Yeah? How, Einstein?

SELSO
First up, if the guy ain't in this house - but he still wants to kill us - he's gotta come back before the ferry does.
And second...
(rattling his dogtags)
I learned a few things in boot camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

CLOSE ON its LIGHTED DESTINATION BOARD as it rolls down a wet highway. The board reads: NAPLES, FL

INT. BUS

Ray sits curled up in the corner of a seat in the back - rain streaking across the window beside him.

Looking out into the night, he winces with pain - and then looks down.

ANGLE ON HIS FIST

He opens it - a handful of PILLS in palm. He shoves them in his mouth. The self-administered painkillers take immediate effect and Ray slumps back, glancing across the aisle to see an OLD WOMAN staring at him. She shakes her head disapprovingly, and looks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL MAIN ENTRANCE - DUSK

AT GROUND LEVEL - WE SLOWLY CREEP ALONG an expanse of fluorescent FISHING LINE which strings across the TOP STEP of the hotel. We continue to follow - as it snakes toward a PORCH BEAM and then threads through an EYE HOOK - moving straight up the backside of the beam.

The line crosses an upturned RAZOR BLADE and ends at a LEAD FISHING WEIGHT, dangling above a WOOD BLOCK AND SPRING ASSEMBLY. And duct-taped to the center - is JULIE'S CAN OF MACE.

INT. FRONT ENTRY

Karla, Will, and Selso wait in the darkness before the hotel's front windows - their eyes all trained on the TRAP.

KARLA

You think the trap will work?

WILL

I hope so.

SELSO

Of course it'll work. Stoner Boy had everything we needed in that poisonous pool house of his.

WILL

(looking over his shoulder)
And Julie had the mace.

They follow his gaze to the GIANT GLOBE near the library's entrance. Julie stands before it, looking at something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELDO

Yeah. Here we are about to catch a killer and she's trying to find her house on the fucking globe.

Julie spins the globe.

JULIE

This whole thing has been a trap.

WILL

What are you talking about?

JULIE

(to Karla)

Rio.

KARLA

The capitol of Brazil?

JULIE

No. The capitol of Brazil is Brasilia.
Sorry. We lose.

EXT. HOTEL MAIN ENTRANCE/STEPS

CLOSE ON A RUBBER BOOT as it comes down hard in a puddle.
LIGHTNING FLASHES.

INT. FRONT ENTRY

They all hear the approacher outside - and push into Julie.

JULIE

He's here.

EXT. FRONT STEPS

The BOOTS slowly continue upstairs. WE RACK FOCUS to see the fine fishing line still dangling a few feet ahead.

INT. FRONT ENTRY

Will looks at Julie. He pulls her in, protectively.

KARLA

God, please make it work.

ANGLE ON THE BOOTS

ONE FOOT moving forward - toward the LAST STEP. The line hangs waiting... the boot comes up... and YANK! IT PULLS!

ANGLE ON THE RIGGING

THE LINE SNAPS as it moves against the BLADE. The FREED WEIGHT SINKS to the SPRING. The SPRING depresses the MACE BUTTON. AND THE MACE CAN SPRAYS...

EXT. FRONT STEPS

FROM BEHIND - WE SEE A MAN IN A SLICKER SUDDENLY GRASP AT HIS FACE as it's enveloped in a debilitating stream. He LOSES HIS BALANCE - reels - and FALLS BACK DOWN THE STAIRS.

INT. FRONT ENTRY

Selso bolts for the doorway. Will and the girls rush out into the rain behind him.

EXT. FRONT STEPS

Bounding down the last step, Sel looks down at the UNSEEN STRANGER.

SELSO
Hey, look who's here.

ANGLE ON THE MAN

It's ESTES, rubbing at his eyes, stunned and trembling on his back as HAIL begins to pelt his face.

SELSO (cont'd)
It's hoo-doo voodoo man.

ESTES
My eyes... my eyes...

Will nods at Selso.

WILL
Come on, it's starting to hail. Let's get him inside.

SELSO
Couldn't we just stick a pin in his heart instead?

Estes looks up at Karla, his eyes more desperate and pitiful than ever. She swallows hard.

KARLA
Help him, Sel. Now!

Selso leans down to grab the old man's shoulders as Will grabs his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELSO

Okay fine. Let's just fuck ourselves
even further.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAPLES DOCKS

The rain pounds Ray as he runs down the planks, passing all sorts of fishing boats, none of which are going anywhere in this kind of weather. But near the end of the dock, he finally stops at one BOAT in particular. A SIGN ABOVE ITS SLIP READS: PAULSEN CHARTERS.

ANGLE ON THE GALLEY DOOR

as he POUNDS IT with his fist. Finally - after a beat, a tired-looking BOAT CAPTAIN opens the door, a BOTTLE OF JACK held firmly in hand. Must be PAULSEN.

PAULSEN

(opening the door)

This better be Dick Clark and Ed McMahon.

Ray looks back at Paulsen, determined.

RAY

I need to get to Volterra Island.

PAULSEN

And I need ten million bucks. Fuck you.

Paulsen starts to close his door - until Ray STICKS HIS .38 in the guy's surprised face. Paulsen drops his bottle.

RAY

(threatening)

Maybe you didn't understand me. I need
to get to Volterra.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN

Estes sits in a chair - rubbing his face with wet rags as Selso and Will stand over him in the expansive, industrial-sized kitchen.

ESTES

I've done nothing.

SELSO

Bullshit. You killed those people and
probably drank their blood, you sick fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTES

I didn't hurt nobody. I try to help.
Don't want no more black magic 'round here.

He looks Julie right in the eyes.

Selso abruptly YANKS him up by the collar.

SELSO

We saw your room, pal. It doesn't get
much blacker than that.

KARLA

Leave him alone! He didn't do anything!

WILL

Except steal all our stuff.

ESTES

I gon' to give it back. I just try to
ask the spirits why...

SELSO

Why, what? Murder's against the law in
this country?

Julie decisively raises her voice.

JULIE

He didn't kill anyone.

WILL

Julie, we don't know that.

JULIE

Yes we do. He told us he was hiding -
and not only do I believe him, I don't
blame him.

WILL

But if it's not him...

JULIE

I told you who it is!

SELSO

Could someone please give Miss Nutbag a
sedative so we can kill this guy before
he kills us?

Julie starts to go ballistic - getting right in Selso's face.

JULIE

You wanna kill somebody? Kill me.

WILL

Julie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE

(shoving Selso)

No, go ahead. Come on, tough guy. You think you can handle what I've been through - then you better kill me before you even think about taking on the real killer. 'Cause believe me - I know from experience, you're gonna need some serious practice...

She shoves him once more - but this time he grabs her wrists.

Will grabs Selso - and they start to scuffle until...

ESTES

(raising his voice)

I know who da killer is!!!

Will lets go of Sel. Sel lets go of Julie. And they all stare directly at Estes.

ESTES (cont'd)

I don't know his name. But I never forget his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE

Selso stands guard beneath the relative cover of the porch - as the growing WIND bends PALM TREES before him.

INT. LIBRARY

Will keeps an eye on Selso through the front windows of a reading room lined with WALL TO WALL BOOKS.

And where there aren't books - THERE ARE PHOTOS. LARGE FRAMES filled with DOZENS OF SNAPSHOTS OF PAST HOTEL EMPLOYEES.

Estes traces their faces with his gnarled finger.

ESTES

He used to work here. So did his wife. Dey lived here with their young children. And everyone like him. Till one day, his wife no show up for work.

KARLA

What happened?

ESTES

Dey found her body on de beach.

KARLA

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTES

De cops say it was an accident. But dat man... he took his family away in da night, and we never, ever, see him again.

JULIE

Estes. This is important. Do you remember? Was his name...

WILL

(interrupting from the window)
Wait. Let him find it on his own, Julie.
It's the only way you can be sure.

Karla nods at her. And Julie remains silent.

EXT. HOTEL

CLOSE ON A HURRICANE SHUTTER fluttering back against the building in the wind. Selso steps into frame, CLOSING IT. He moves on to the next, doing the same.

INT. FRONT ENTRY

Will keeps watch at the window - until Sel steps into his view outside - and CLOSSES THE SHUTTER in his face.

EXT. HOTEL

Sel smirks outside the closed shutter - until WHAM!
A FALLING PALM TREE almost wipes more than the smirk off his face. It slams hard against a railing - wasting it.

INT. LIBRARY

Estes looks up at the noise. But Julie remains determined.

JULIE

Keep looking. You've got to see it sooner or later.

CLOSE ON Estes as his tired eyes keep scanning the frame - until they finally widen as he stops on a familiar face.

ESTES

How 'bout sooner?

He points at a small PHOTO. Julie and Karla both lean in.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO

He's younger here. But the smile is coldly familiar. And the CAPTION reads: BEN WILLIS, EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH, JULY, 1978.

LIGHTNING FLASHES - illuminating Julie's gaze at Karla.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTES (cont'd)

Dat's him. Dat's da man I've seen on dis island.

JULIE

Do you know where he is?

Estes' lower lip trembles.

ESTES

No. But I know where he's been.

THUNDER BOOMS and the FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN. It's Selso.

SELSO

Storm's gettin' worse.

Estes looks at Julie.

ESTES

I best show you while there's time.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTPATH

A muddy, narrow, trail leads right through the heart of heavy brush. And Estes hobbles along against the torrential rain, leading the four of them up its steady incline.

The path winds around one section of hill - making an ABRUPT DROP OFF to one side as it continues up.

Suddenly, Karla loses her footing on its slippery edge -

KARLA

(slipping)

Aggh!

But Will catches her. Selso gives him a dirty look in return and Will shakes his head.

WILL

(yelling against the wind)

Don't you think we should be taking some kind of cover?

JULIE

No, Will. There's nowhere to hide.

CLOSE ON Estes, who nods to himself in silent agreement.

EXT. CLEARING

At the top of the winding path, they reach a small clearing in the brush. The rain pounds the drowned patch of earth -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

turning it to ankle-deep clay. And in the center of the clearing - stands a large BANYAN TREE.

ESTES

Over there. Beneath the tree.

The old man points ahead - and Julie slowly walks in that direction.

WILL

Julie, wait...

He grabs protectively for her arm, but she pulls away - drawn toward the webbed roots and branches of the ancient tree.

ANGLE ON THE BANYAN TREE

as WE SLOWLY DESCEND from the black clouds above it through its white, waving, branches.

ON THE GROUND

WE FINALLY STOP. And then we see them - right beneath it. THREE CRUDELY CHISELED TOMBSTONES.

Julie freezes, looking from one to the next.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST TOMBSTONE

which sits before a freshly filled grave. The stone reads: SARAH WILLIS.

ANGLE ON THE SECOND TOMBSTONE

which sits before another wet mound of dirt. It reads: SUSIE WILLIS.

Julie looks slowly to the third grave, which is EMPTY, save for the murky water slowly filling it. A FOUR FOOT HIGH MOUND OF FRESHLY DUG MUD sits adjacent. She glances up.

ANGLE ON THE THIRD TOMBSTONE

In jagged letters it reads: JULIE JAMES.

Julie closes her eyes, knowing full well as the rain hits her face that when she re-opens them... this will not be a dream.

Karla rushes to her side. And this time, Will loses it. He grabs Estes, throwing him down into the muck.

WILL

(screaming)

Why are you doing this to her?
This is bullshit, you know that?!
I'm gonna kill you myself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rolls onto Estes, beginning to strangle him - until Selso, for once, is the one to pull him off.

Will struggles to free himself from Sel's grasp until the sight of Julie stops him. She approaches - her resolve firmly anchored as the wind whips her hair to one side. She reaches out - takes his hand in hers.

JULIE

No, Will. No more killing. This isn't his doing. That grave stays empty and we all leave here alive, okay?

WILL

But how? There's no ferries, no phones, no radio... there's nothing we can do!

JULIE

Yes there is. We stick together. And we fight.

Her newfound strength is undeniable. Will nods. Once again, what else can he do while she's holding his hand?

Selso helps Estes to his feet.

SELSO

Okay, you're either with us or against us. What's it gonna be, old man?

ESTES

(shrugs)

I got a rowboat.

KARLA

Boat sounds good. We love boats.

ESTES

(holding up two fingers)

But she only take two people.

Selso and Will exchange a glance. Will sighs.

WILL

Okay, look. We both know you're stronger than I am. You stay with the girls and keep them safe. I'll go with him and try to get help.

He extends a hand. Sel finally accepts it, shaking.

SELSO

You got it.

WILL

(to Estes)

Come on. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He ushers Estes toward the path - until Julie calls out.

JULIE
Will...?

He turns.

JULIE (cont'd)
Take care of yourself, alright?

He nods.

WILL
Don't worry. I will.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL MAIN ENTRANCE

Julie, Karla, and Selso enter the dark hotel, all of them soaked to the skins. Everywhere they look feels dangerous. And only sporadic lightning illuminates their way.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN

As a bank of BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTS flicker above them, Selso looks around, his marine training kicking in once again.

SELSO
Knives. We need knives.

Karla pulls a GNARLY BUTCHER KNIFE from a KNIFE BLOCK.

KARLA
Like this?

SELSO
Nah. This isn't a slasher flick.

He crosses to the block, pulling a serrated STEAK KNIFE.

SELSO (cont'd)
You need something like this. Not too big. So you can grip it in your hand and...

Sel suddenly grabs Karla from behind, pulling her in and holding the backside of the blade to her throat.

SELSO (cont'd)
...take him like this!

Karla struggles to get away. Selso's eyes are wild - and Julie's fear is completely shared by Karla.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA

Agghh! Sel! What are you doing?!

Selso holds her for a beat too long... and then lets go.
She stumbles away.

KARLA (cont'd)

What the hell is wrong with you?!

SELSO

Nothing. I'm trying to teach you
something. You also want it small enough
to stow.

He sticks the knife blade down in his back pocket.

SELSO (cont'd)

(to Julie)

Go ahead. Grab me in a headlock.

Julie grabs him from behind, her elbow and arm wrenched
tightly around his throat.

SELSO (cont'd)

(strained)

Good. If he gets you like this...

(he reaches back, drawing the
knife)

just go like that...

He WHISKS THE BLADE ACROSS THE BACK OF JULIE'S HAND.
She pulls away in fear, gawking at the wound on her hand.

But alas, there is no wound.

SELSO (cont'd)

Relax. I used the back of the blade.

JULIE

Gee, thanks.

SELSO

(nodding at a nearby pantry)

Okay, now we need to go in there.

KARLA

You wanna hide in the pantry?

THUNDER BOOMS outside.

SELSO

No. I wanna get something to eat. I'm
hungry.

EXT. PANTRY

With the girls a few steps behind, Selso flicks the TURBO LIGHTER as he steps inside and...

THEY HEAR SOMETHING CLATTER INSIDE. Selso puts a quiet finger to his lips, motioning for Julie and Karla to stay put as he slowly ducks his head inside.

INT. PANTRY

Selso creeps in. An open can of FRUIT COCKTAIL sits on the floor. He steps around it and cautiously pauses before each of the THREE LONG SHELVES which split the deep room into aisles.

FIRST AISLE... with knife drawn, he jumps out. Nobody there.

SECOND AISLE... he slices the air, ready to stab. Still nobody.

THIRD AISLE... this is it. He rolls. He swings. Zero. Nada.

He hears another noise, and looks down. A MOUSE skitters off under the shelves. He sighs, dropping the blade to his side and...

WHOMP! A HEAVY-DUTY ROLLING PIN SWINGS INTO HIS FOREHEAD FROM AROUND THE CORNER.

SELSO

Ungh!

Selso hits the floor, out cold - as Karla and Julie rush in, knives drawn. They see his body and immediately look up. And there... ATOP THE LAST AISLE OF SHELVING... is NANCY.

KARLA

What the hell did you do?

NANCY

What do you think? I nailed his ass.

INT. KITCHEN

Selso stands at the sink, where Karla holds a towel full of ice to his head. Nancy shrugs.

NANCY (cont'd)

He had a knife! How did I know he wasn't the killer?

SELSO

How are we supposed to know you aren't?

NANCY

Why do you think I was hiding? I went to leave this morning and all the boats were gone. Then I went to tell Brooks and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her voice trails off. She clearly saw the same grisly scene.

JULIE

We know.

NANCY

Who do you think is doing this?

Selso pulls away from Karla's ice bag and paces the kitchen.

SELSO

Oh, don't even get her started. It's a long, fucked-up story, and I'm still not even sure I believe a word of it.

He crosses beneath a long, oval-shaped, OVERHEAD POT RACK which is suspended from a WIDE CEILING VENT and is covered with HUNDREDS OF PANS, all HANGING FROM HOOKS above the range. He rubs his head, FLICKING THE TURBO LIGHTER as he leans against the stove.

SELSO (cont'd)

The bottom line is, there's some kind of wacked-out freak on this island who thinks he can get away with murder more than once while everybody basically just stands around and...

YANK!

A HOOK SWIFTLY DESCENDS FROM THE RACK ABOVE --

IT SINKS DEEP INTO THE BASE OF HIS CREWCUT SKULL --

AND AS THE GIRLS WATCH IN HORROR --

SELSO'S HELPLESS BODY IS HOISTED UP AMONG THE POTS AND PANS.

LIGHTNING FLASHES through the windows as the girls collectively SCREAM loud enough to wake the dead.

And it works. Ben Willis drops from the vent to the top of the range, leaving poor Selso to hang there TWITCHING behind him as he sneers at the girls.

BEN

Hi, ladies. What's cookin'?

They run. And he calmly climbs down to catch them, picking up a souvenir LIGHTER on his way.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST - NIGHT

PAULSEN is fighting like hell to navigate the intense WAVES bucking his boat. Between the darkness and the rain, their visibility is zero. He THWACKS his satellite tracking unit.

PAULSEN
My GPS is shot. And I couldn't get a
compass reading in this if I tried!
I'm tellin' ya - we're not gonna make it!

But Ray is determined. He hangs on to a strap inside the tiny bridge - his other hand aiming the GUN at Paulsen.

RAY
I've run swells worse than this. Just get
on the radio and call the Coast Guard!

PAULSEN
You're holding me at gunpoint and you
want me to call the cops?

RAY
Tell them there's an emergency at the
resort! And nothing else, understand?
(waving the pistol)
Do it!

Paulsen picks up the HANDHELD CB MICROPHONE as he's told.

PAULSEN
(into MIC)
Uh... Mayday... U.S. Coast Guard, this is
the Summer Breeze requesting emergency
assistance on Volterra Island, over...

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFSHORE/VOLTERRA ISLAND

Where it's even harder to stay afloat in a two-man DINGHY. Stung by driving rain, Will looks away from Estes, wincing as he digs in hard with an OAR. He turns back for another stroke - and the music strikes a particularly dark chord.

Oar out of the water, Estes stares at him from the stern - his brow lowered in a spine-tingling glower.

WILL
What are you doing? Just turn around
and row!

But instead, Estes looks coldly back at him, his graveled voice slicing right through the wind.

ESTES
Boy... you were born under a bad sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He SWINGS THE PADDLE BLADE HARD AT WILL'S HEAD and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FOYER

Julie, Karla, and Nancy rush across the lobby - the storm outside nearly blowing them to the floor through the open doors. Clearly, they can't go back out there. But this hotel is not a fun place to play hide and seek.

Darkness stretches out in every direction. And you can only hear two things. The sound of three girls SCREAMING. And the slow, but steady THUD-THUD-THUD of Ben's approaching BOOTS.

Julie pulls the knife from her backpocket. Nancy grabs an EMERGENCY FLASHLIGHT from behind the FRONT DESK.

And Karla, well poor Karla is particularly freaked.

KARLA

Oh God, he killed Sel, he killed Sel, he killed...

Julie suddenly thrusts her hand over Karla's mouth, pulling her in close as they head for the MAIN STAIRCASE.

JULIE

(urgent whispers)

Shhh. I know, I know. But we can't think about that right now, can we?

Karla shakes her head with a MUFFLED WHIMPER.

JULIE (cont'd)

(still whispering)

We have to get away from Ben, don't we?

Another MUFFLED WHIMPER as Karla nods, tears streaming down her cheeks.

JULIE (cont'd)

(a final whisper)

Alright, then let's do it.

She releases Karla as Nancy waves them up the stairs.

NANCY

Come on!

INT. STAIRCASE

The girls run stairs like there's no tomorrow. But all the while, Ben stays one flight behind them with the strides of a confident killer.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

On the top floor, the girls race toward the end of a long, dark, hallway - Nancy's FLASHLIGHT BEAM dancing on the walls.

Reaching the far end, she SHINES IT UP at a SECTION OF CEILING - then back down at Julie.

NANCY

Gimme a boost.

Julie puts her hands together beside the wall, lifting Nancy up high enough to reach the PULLCORD to an ATTIC DOOR.

Nancy grabs it, dropping back down as a WOODEN LADDER unfolds to the floor. She quickly starts to climb up - lighting the way for them to follow as just down the hall...

BEN TOPS THE STAIRS. He immediately spots them with a grin.

ON THE LADDER

Karla slips on a step above Julie, nearly knocking them both to the floor. She scrambles back up - and just as Julie reaches the top rung behind her...

BEN GRABS HER FOOT!

Julie SCREAMS as he holds the BARE SKIN of her ankle to his stubble-covered face.

BEN

Mmm... you smell pretty.

She SCREAMS again as both Karla and Nancy YANK HER BOTH AWAY FROM HIS GRASP just hard enough to get her out of reach.

But of course, Ben simply starts to climb.

INT. ATTIC

Julie almost loses her balance as they pull her to her feet on a beam inside the cavernous attic. It's lit just enough by a CATHEDRAL WINDOW in the eaves to see what they're up against.

THERE IS NO FLOOR. Just BEAM AFTER BEAM crossing the hotel's thinly insulated ceiling at FOUR FOOT INTERVALS.

NANCY

Watch your step...

She hops from one beam to the next, the girls precariously following her as Ben's head pops up on the ladder behind them.

Ben climbs off the ladder to a beam as they leap away from him across the attic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEAR THE ATTIC'S OTHER SIDE, Julie jumps from one beam to another, to another, finally almost losing her balance as she looks down through a LONG, RECTANGULAR, HOLE in the ceiling. But it's not a hole, really. It's a WINDOW. No, wait a minute.

How could it be a window when she's looking down into her room?

KARLA

Julie? What is it?

JULIE

(realizing)

My God. It's the mirror over my bed.

Ben glares.

BEN

You'd be amazed at what you can see through those. Saw my own wife with the gardener...

Karla looks at him with disgust.

KARLA

You sick bastard.

She quickly leaps away from Julie and Nancy - playing decoy as she makes her way to the CATHEDRAL WINDOW.

JULIE

Karla... wait!

But it's too late. Karla flips open a LATCH on the rattling window - AND THE WINDOW SWINGS WIDE OPEN WITH THE WIND -

SHATTERING AGAINST THE INSIDE OF THE ATTIC - and EXPOSING A STEEP SECTION OF ROOFLINE OUTSIDE IN THE RAIN. Karla grabs the window frame, almost falling, but somehow managing to slip outside to a NARROW STONE LEDGE.

Ben lunges over a few beams to the storm-battered window, slowly leaning out himself.

EXT. ROOF LEDGE

Karla inches safely away from his face at the window - but on a ledge like this, she'll soon run out of anywhere to run.

BEN

(looking out at her)

A bad choice. But a brave one.

Karla peers off the edge of the building. AND THOUGH WE DON'T SEE WHAT SHE SEES, she's definitely way up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A fall would not be pretty. But she looks back at him with all the confidence a girl from the rough streets of Boston can muster.

KARLA
Fuck you, fisherman.

He leans out the window, swinging wildly. But before he can hook her - KARLA BOLDLY JUMPS OFF THE EDGE OF THE ROOF!

INT. ATTIC

JULIE
(screams)
Nooooo!!!

EXT. HOTEL POOL

BUT HAVE NO FEAR. KARLA MAKES A BACKWARD DIVE THAT WOULD'VE MADE HE SWIM COACH PROUD.

INT. ATTIC

Nancy and Julie both hear the SPLASH outside.

NANCY
She's in the pool.

EXT. POOL

And indeed, Karla is treading water, looking up as Ben climbs out onto the ledge. But she sputters a bit, spitting out a mouthful of water like the whole experience has left a bad taste in her mouth.

EXT. ROOF

Ben looks down at her from the ledge with a twisted grin.

EXT. POOL

Karla looks around the sides of the pool - her feelings of triumph quickly failing as she finally spots a NEAR-EMPTY DRUM OF GASOLINE ON ITS SIDE -- TRICKLING INTO THE POOL.

EXT. ROOF

Ben removes a familiar TURBO LIGHTER from his slicker.

He FLICKS the TURBO'S SWITCH, LOCKING OFF THE FLAME AS HE WINDS UP - AND THROWS IT OFF THE EDGE.

ANGLE ON THE LIGHTER

as it SLO-MO tumbles through the air.

ANGLE ON KARLA

as her eyes go wide.

ANGLE ON JULIE AND NANCY

who see what's about to happen - and GRAB EACH OTHERS' HAND.

ANGLE ON THE RAINBOW-STREAKED WATER

as Karla takes a deep breath and ducks beneath the gas-coated surface.

FWWHHOOM! THE POOL SURFACE IGNITES IN A BLUE-FLAMED FURY --

INT. ATTIC

AS CRRRASH! JULIE AND NANCY JUMP DOWN THROUGH THE MIRROR GLASS -- SLO-MO LANDING ON THE BIG BED BELOW.

EXT. ROOF

Ben looks back with annoyed surprise and we...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN STAIRCASE

as Julie and Nancy bolt down the stairs two and three at a time - stopping only to glance out a WINDOW that gives them a birdseye view of the BLAZING POOL.

JULIE

Oh no...

KARLA

Come on...

They continue running - as somewhere above them, we hear the pursuing THUD of Ben's boots.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

Karla looks up - hot flames heating the water as she struggles to stay down.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR

Julie and Nancy rush into the room - and head directly for the PORTHOLE WINDOWS behind the bar.

Karla is BANGING ON THE GLASS - drowning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE
Hang on, Karla!

NANCY
(on the sound of Ben's
approaching footfalls)
He's coming!

Nancy springs over the bar and bounds toward the door, trying to SLAM IT - just as BEN ARRIVES.

As she struggles to keep him out - Julie picks up an ashtray and SMASHES THE GLASS on a WALL-MOUNTED FIREBOX which contains a ROLL OF FIREHOSE and a long-handled FIRE-AXE.

She YANKS the FIRE-AXE DOWN - and heads for the PORTHOLE WINDOW until...

NANCY (cont'd)
(crying out - struggles at the
door)
Julie! I can't hold him!

Torn, Julie turns away from Karla's frantic face through the glass and rushes to Nancy's aid - SWINGING IT RIGHT INTO BEN'S BICEP as he tries to SHOULDER HIS WAY IN THE DOOR.

THUNK!

BEN
Agghh!

Ben sinks to the floor in the doorway as Julie races back across the bar, bloodied axe in hand.

NANCY
What are you doing? Finish him off!

But Julie is a woman on a mission. She stops in front of one of the PORTHOLE WINDOWS... hauls off... and SWINGS!

CLANK! THE GLASS DOESN'T BUDGE.

CLANK! She HITS IT AGAIN - this time CHIPPING IT just a bit.

SMASH CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

And just as Karla's lungs begin to take on water...

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR

CLANK! Julie hits the SPIDERWEB-CRACKED GLASS ONE LAST TIME AND... SPLOOSH! A CASCADING COLUMN OF WATER BLOWS INWARD THROUGH THE WINDOW, KNOCKING JULIE AND EVERYTHING ELSE BACK WITH ITS FORCE.

Nancy jumps onto a table as the water rushes past her. And Julie struggles to her feet, jumping onto the STAGE.

Suddenly, KARLA HERSELF IS SUCKED INSIDE THROUGH THE PORTHOLE - almost sailing right past until Julie grabs her hand from above, pulling her up.

Karla coughs and gags up the water while Julie and Nancy both look to the door. Ben is nowhere to be seen.

NANCY

He got away.

JULIE

So where do we go?

NANCY

There's only one safe place left to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORM SHELTER - DUSK

Rising up from the wet earth - a CONCRETE SHELTER lies buried just ahead - its CAST IRON DOOR visible on the surface.

Nancy, Julie, and Karla rush around the back side of the hotel.

NANCY

Over there!

Arms around each other for support, the three girls head for the shelter - all of them struggling together to open the heavy door. With one last heave, they finally succeed.

INT. STORM SHELTER

CEMENT STAIRS lead down into darkness.

NANCY (cont'd)

Get in!

But Karla's had just about enough excitement for one day.

KARLA

No! It stinks in there!

NANCY

It's called mildew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE
Karla, come on!

KARLA
You go first!

NANCY
Christ, both of you - come on!

Nancy steps in, walks down a few steps, then turns. FLASH! Her face is illuminated by heavy LIGHTNING as she looks back up at them. And to tell you the truth, Nancy herself is starting to look creepy.

NANCY (cont'd)
(a commanding YELL)
Now!

Julie gets in, pulling Karla in behind her and lugging the heavy door shut.

INT. SHELTER - ABSOLUTE DARKNESS

WITH ABSOLUTELY NOTHING VISIBLE - Karla calls out.

KARLA
Julie..?

JULIE
I'm right here. Grab my hand.

NANCY
This place has emergency power. And I know there's a light in here somewhere. Just ease your way down the stairs and I'll find it...

KARLA
(softly crying)
Julie, Selso's dead...

JULIE
Easy, Karla. We're almost there.

KARLA
Almost where, damnit?

JULIE
(reaching the last step)
The bottom. I made it. Just hold my hand like I told you to.

KARLA
I am holding your hand!

A pregnant pause in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE
No, you're not.

Another pause, and...

KARLA
Nancy...?

KA-CHINK. Nancy pulls the chain on an overhead BULB - AND WE'RE STARKLY ILLUMINATED ON A HORRIFYING SCENE.

THEIR SCREAMS BOUNCE OFF THE WALLS OF THE TINY CONCRETE ROOM - AS THEIR EYES ADJUST AND ALL THREE GIRLS FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY THE ISLAND'S BODY COUNT.

BROOKS' PALE CORPSE LIES TO ONE SIDE. BLUE TONGUE PROTRUDING, TITUS LIES TO THE OTHER. THE DEAD DOCKHAND IS BLOATED ON A NEARBY BENCH. AND POOR OLGA THE HOUSEKEEPER IS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE... INCLUDING HER HAND, WHICH KARLA'S HOLDING.

Altogether now - SCREEEEEEAAAM!

And just to make matters worse --

WHAM! WHAM! SUDDENLY, SOMEONE OUTSIDE IS TRYING TO GET IN.

The girls SCREAM again and...

WHAM! THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. But fortunately, it's WILL staring down at them, his clothes soaked, his forehead bleeding from a nasty paddle-gash.

JULIE
Will!

They bound up the concrete stairs and Julie embraces him.

JULIE
What happened to you?

WILL
Estes tried to kill me.
(nodding at the hotel)
Let's head for cover...

JULIE
No! Ben is there!

KARLA
He killed Selso!

WILL
Jesus. They must've been in it together.
But the hotel's safe now -- I just combed
every inch of it looking for you. C'mon...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

32

He ushers them toward the hotel - and as they rush off together, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. VOLTERRA ISLAND DOCKS

CLOSE ON Paulsen's wincing face.

PAULSEN
Sonofabitch!

WHAM! Unable to dock against the huge swells, the barfly's boat bores into the side of one of the slips - TEARING a nasty gash in its bow. Paulsen yells at Ray against a loud THUNDERCLAP.

PAULSEN (cont'd)
Look at my goddamn boat!

Ray tucks the gun back in his jacket and jumps down off the side to the buckling dock.

RAY
Just tie it off while you can.

Paulsen watches him head for the sand.

PAULSEN
That's it? You're not even gonna tell me why the hell we're here?

Eyes filled with fury, Ray looks back from the beach.

RAY
We're here because someone came back for seconds.

He races up the path toward the hotel.

EXT. BEACH

Ray runs across the sand, slowing as he sees a BODY lying inside the bottom of a beached ROWBOAT.

He slowly approaches, leaning down to see ESTES' bloody face. But when he leans over to see if the old guy is still alive.--

ESTES SUDDENLY GRABS HIM - EYES OPEN - SITTING UP WITH A RASPY SCREAM!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

The three girls and Will rush across the foyer - pausing only to see the OPEN GUEST BOOK on the counter.

ANGLE ON THE GUEST BOOK

Each of their names has been struck out with a RED LINE - and below them, BEN WILLIS has signed in BLOOD.

WILL
(to Julie)
This sicko doesn't miss a beat.

NANCY
(rushing the stairs)
Well, I'm headed for higher ground.

WILL
Wait...

KARLA
(following her)
We can lock ourselves in one of the rooms!

WILL
No...

ANGLE ON THE MAIN STAIRCASE

But the two of them are already halfway up - about to turn a corner on the stairs when...

YANK! A HOOK CATCHES NANCY RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN FROM AN OVERHEAD BALCONY - TUGGING HER UP OFF THE STEPS. SHE WRITHES IN AGONY --

AND AS KARLA SCREAMS -- SHE LOSES HER BALANCE, TRIPPING BACKWARD AND FALLING DOWN THE STAIRS. Her body finally TUMBLES to a halt on the hard lobby floor - and it doesn't look good.

IN THE LOBBY

Julie starts to SCREAM as well - but Will quickly COVERS HER MOUTH, whispering imperatively in her ear as Ben's heavy FOOTFALLS head back down the stairs.

WILL
(whispers to Julie)
Shhh...

Will tugs Julie away from danger - heading quickly into...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

The two of them enter a cavernous, circular, room - ringed on all sides by HUGE FRENCH WINDOWS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The storm visibly rages outside, as Will quickly SLAMS THE BALLROOM DOORS and LOCKS THEM - leading Julie away across the wide dance floor.

As she pants with fear, he gently pulls her to the center of the room. They wait a second. Silence.

WILL
It's okay, we're safe here.

JULIE
We're not safe anywhere. . He's killed everyone I love.

He tilts her face up to his.

WILL
He hasn't killed me.

She looks at him for a beat. Then exhausted, drops her head against his chest to softly sob.

WILL (cont'd)
(comforting)
Listen to me, Julie. I'm not gonna let you go...

FRAMED AGAINST A WINDOW IN THE BG - Will gently kisses her forehead.

AND AS LIGHTNING FLASHES - WE SEE A SLICKERED SILHOUETTE BEHIND HER.

Will smells her hair, lightly runs his fingers through it.

WILL (cont'd)
Ray couldn't protect you like I can.
He was nothing but a loser.

LIGHTNING FLASHES AGAIN - AND THE SILHOUETTE IS CLOSER.

Julie frowns slightly. Something's not right.

WILL (cont'd)
Yeah, people like him think they can waltz through life without facing the consequences. But not me. I'm a winner, Julie. And so are you...

He tightens his embrace. Julie looks at him, starting to squirm.

LIGHTNING FLASHES A THIRD TIME - AND JUST AS THE SILHOUETTE IS RIGHT UPON THEM...

Will looks up, a chilling leer crossing his face, as HIS VOICE GRADUALLY CHANGES TO THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF A TOP-40 D.J.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL (cont'd)
(AS MARK MICHAELS)
IN FACT... YOU'RE ABOUT TO WIN THE
ULTIMATE POWERPRIZE.

WILL ABRUPTLY SPINS JULIE AROUND IN HIS ARMS TO STARE BEN
WILLIS STRAIGHT IN HIS LIGHTNING ILLUMINATED FACE.

WILL (cont'd)
(COLDLY)
TELL HER WHAT SHE'S WON... DAD.

Julie WAILS, STRUGGLING WILDLY in Will's tight grasp.

JULIE
OHMYGODDDD!!!

She flinches as Ben raises his hook hand and then brings it
down - GENTLY STROKING HER CHEEK WITH IT.

BEN
Sweet. You would be about Susie's age
now.

JULIE
(repulsed and horrified)
Don't touch me!

BEN
I'm sorry child, but nobody gets off this
island alive. So it's time for you to
check out.

HIS EYES GO WILD - HE RAISES THE HOOK HIGH - AND AS JULIE
CLOSES HER EYES --

SMASH! A CHAIR COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM!
THE STORM HOWLS INWARD AND A SILHOUETTE APPEARS.

THEY ALL SPIN TO LOOK --

AND RAY STEPS INTO FRAME.

RAY
Room service.

He pulls his gun. And before Ben can react...

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! RAY POUNDS HIS BODY WITH BULLETS.

Julie SCREAMS - but Will OUTSCREAMS HER as his father slumps
to the floor.

WILL
NOOOO!!!

Ray takes new aim at Will from his stance beside Ben's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAY

Let her go!

But Will only squeezes her tighter - his hand firmly wrapped around her hair.

WILL

Fuck you. She's mine.
(his mouth against her ear)
I worked long and hard to get her here.

RAY

(gun-aimed)
Ready to die for her? I am.

He pulls the trigger - and CLICK. Damn. Out of ammo.

Ray has just enough time to look down at the gun in disbelief as - SLICE! BEN HOOKS RAY THROUGH THE ANKLE, BRINGING HIM DOWN. Hobbled, Ray grips his foot in pain and the TWO MEN CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE... while Will tightens his grip on Julie's locks, shoving her toward the window frame.

WILL

See? What'd I tell ya? Loser.

Ray watches them disappear in the rain until...

BEN SUDDENLY LUNGES AT HIM with all the rage and strength he has left. Ray grabs the hook, fighting to keep it from sinking into his face. Then he TWISTS. It CLICKS. And KRRRUNCH. THE HOOK HAND COMES OFF. Ben grimaces - and Ray swiftly rolls on top of him - BURYING ITS COLD STEEL CURVE IN BEN'S HEART.

The fisherman himself - has finally been hooked.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING

Will all but drags Julie by the hair as they're pelted by nearly horizontal rain on the way up the path. Reaching the top, he shoves her toward her fate A TOMBSTONE WITH HER NAME ON IT..

What he doesn't notice, however, is Julie trying to reach her backpocket.

WILL

Finally - we get a chance to be alone.

JULIE

Why are you doing this to me?

WILL

Oh - me, me, me. How 'bout what you did to my father? It's gonna take me years of therapy to work that out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will pushes her right to the brink of the OPEN GRAVE. Several inches of muddy water are standing in it. And the SHOVEL used to dig it - is firmly stuck in a SOUPY MOUND beside it.

WILL (cont'd)
But Dad was right. You're just another spoiled rich kid getting away with murder... laughing at all the hardworking regular folks... taking everything you want, giving nothing back. Well, enough's enough, Julie. It's time for you to face your worst fucking fear.

He tightly grabs her in a chokehold - and is just about to snap her neck - when Julie finally manages to pull that STEAK KNIFE from her back pocket and...

SLICE! She opens half the veins in his WRIST.

WILL (cont'd)
Agghhh!

He immediately lets go of her, stumbling back in pain as she jumps across the grave.

WILL (cont'd)
You stupid bitch!

KARLA (OS)
(annoyed)
Hey, that's my girlfriend you're talking about.

Will turns - and THUNK! He gets a face full of Karla's famous ROUNDHOUSE. Yes, she's alive - and clearly still kicking.

KARLA (cont'd)
There's your PowerPrize, asshole.

Mouth bleeding almost as much as his wrist, Will sinks to his knees beside Julie's open grave. But it's not her grave much longer.

ANGLE ON JULIE

AS SHE PULLS THE SHOVEL UP OUT OF THE MUD MOUND AND SWINGS IT SLO-MO AT THE BACK OF WILL'S DIABOLICAL SKULL.

CLANG! Contact. Will's body falls back into the grave - landing on his back with a dirty splash as...

THE MUD MOUND COMES LOOSE AND QUICKLY AVALANCHES ONTO HIM. HIS EYES GO WIDE AS THE GRAVE BEGINS TO FILL IN OVER HIM.

HE SCRAMBLES FOR HIS LIFE - BUT THE MUD KEEPS FLOWING. WILL SCREAMS UNTIL THE MUD FILLS HIS MOUTH - THEN COVERS HIS HEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONLY HIS HAND IS LEFT STICKING OUT FROM THE MUDDY PLOT --
A HAND THAT SHAKES, THEN GOES LIMP, AND FALLS DEAD.

Karla arches a tired brow at her friend.

KARLA

Nice move.

Julie drops the shuttle, triumphant.

JULIE

I try.

RAY (OS)

Julie!

The girls see Ray limp to the entrance of the clearing - and they rush toward him, falling into a group embrace.

SUDDENLY, A HELICOPTER SEARCH LIGHT SHINES DOWN FROM OVERHEAD.

ANGLE ON THE HELICOPTER

It's a COAST GUARD CHOPPER. And as it pulls away, lending its breeze to the dying storm, we get an...

AERIAL VIEW

of the HOTEL as the sun begins to dawn and RESCUE BOATS AND WORKERS begin to converge on the island.

STILL MOVING UP - THE CLOUDS FINALLY OBSCURE OUR VIEW AND WE...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MID-AIR - CLOUDS

A SUPER READS... ONE YEAR LATER.

WE PULL BACK FROM THE DARK SKY - moving right over Julie's shoulder as she stares out the WINDOW of a PASSENGER JET.

JULIE

Still looks kinda stormy down there.

Ray leans into frame from his seat beside her.

RAY

That's why we're up here. So we can fly right over it and enjoy our honeymoon.

He kisses her hand - the WEDDING RING SHINING on her finger.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK A BIT FURTHER - REVEALING KARLA just across the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA

Remind me again why we're spending it in L.A.?

JULIE

'Cause there's so many maniacs there, they kill each other off.

RAY

And because my cousin Tony's putting us up.

KARLA

Yeah, but is he cute?

RAY

Isn't that why we brought you along?

Karla high-fives him and Ray gets up to stretch his legs.

RAY

Okay, you girls gab amongst yourselves. I gotta hit the head.

Ray rises, using a CANE to make his way down the aisle as Julie slides into his seat next to Karla.

KARLA

Gimme another flash.

Julie excitedly raises her finger, showing off the new wedding ring, and Karla coos.

KARLA (cont'd)

Oooooooh! I gotta get me one of those.

CUT TO:

AT THE LAVATORIES

Ray watches an ATTRACTIVE FLIGHT ATTENDANT walk by without really paying attention as he reaches for a BATHROOM DOOR.

OPENING THE DOOR JUST A CRACK - it's immediately PULLED SHUT by SOMEONE already inside.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(angrily)

Excuse you!

RAY

Oh, sorry...

Embarrassed, Ray watches the OCCUPIED SIGN LIGHT UP OVERHEAD as the door is latched from inside.

AT JULIE'S SEAT

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT smiles, handing Julie a ROSE and a NOTE.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Mrs. Bronson? A gentleman in our first class cabin asked me to give you this.

JULIE

Oh my God, Ray is such a...

KARLA

Spaz?

Nancy fakes a gag in agreement.

JULIE

I was gonna say romantic.

She sniffs the rose... and then opens the card.

ANGLE ON THE CARD

WHICH IN A DARKLY BOLD TYPE READS: I KNOW FOREVER.

Julie looks up with a sudden chill down her spine -

AS DOWN THE AISLE, Ray crosses to ANOTHER DOOR - careful this time to check the sign first. VACANT. He opens it and...

IN PROFILE, WE SEE A HOOK REACH OUT AND PROMPTLY YANK HIM IN.

THE DOOR SHUTS. THE SIGN SAYS "OCCUPIED."

AND AS JULIE SENDS US OFF WITH ONE LAST SCREAM, WE...

BLACKOUT!

THE END